

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1199. Fourth Series, No. 60. 25 May, 1867.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
1. Count Beugnot's Memoirs	<i>Edinburgh Review</i> , 483
2. Old Sir Douglas. Part 12	<i>Hon. Mrs. Norton</i> , 498
3. A Week in a French Country-House. Part 2	<i>Cornhill Magazine</i> , 509
4. Fanny Kemble's Notes on Macbeth	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , 523
5. Lord Stanley and the Coming War	<i>Spectator</i> , 528
6. Peculiar Danger of the Threatened War	<i>Economist</i> , 530
7. Will there be War?	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 532
8. Privacy of the Dead	" " 535
9. Democracy and Court-Dress	" " 537
10. Rococo Minds	<i>London Review</i> , 540
11. The Athletic Sports at Beaufort House	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 542

POETRY: Salome's Prayer, 482. In the Deep, 482.

SHORT ARTICLES: American Breech-Loading Rifles, 508. Cheap Beef, 508. Pay of Magazine Writers, 508. Lord Eldon's Will, 522. Pitch in Music, 522. Japanese Odes Translated into English, 544. Tennysonia, 544.

Just Published at this Office —

OUT OF CHARITY. Price, 75 cents.

VICTORY OF THE NORTH. 25 cents.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the Living Age will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year; nor where we have to pay a commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

Second " " 20 " 50 "

Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete work 88 " 220 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

SALOME'S PRAYER.

"Grant that these my two sons may sit, one on Thy right hand, and the other on Thy left, in Thy kingdom."

O MOTHER! full of fondest dreams,
And did thy hopes aspire
To where before the Throne there gleams
The crystal sea of fire?
Did'st see in vision, left and right,
Thy two sons seated there,
With golden crowns, arrayed in white,
In glory none might share?

Ah! could thine eyes have seen, indeed,
The boon that thou did'st ask;
How one dear son for Christ must bleed,
And one work out his task!
Not e'en their Lord that boon might give,
But by His Father's rule;
And suffering is, for all that live,
The saints' appointed school.

He crowns the victim's brow; but, first,
Must come the fierce, hot strife;
The soul must taste earth's last and worst,
And then the perfect life:
By weary years, or sudden pain,
He ends what He began;
And only thus His children gain
The stature of the man.

Ye mothers, who for children seek
Great heritage of fame;—
God's gifts, a prophet's word to speak,
A statesman's might and name,
The wreath that binds the conqueror's brow,
The poet's tongue of fire—
Who thus, if free, would utter now
Your deepest heart-desire,

How would ye shrink in pale dismay
Could ye the future scan,
And trace the lonely age and grey,
The features worn and wan;—
Could hear the minstrel's minor sad,
And see the statesman foiled,—
The one prize never to be had,
For which alone they toiled!

Ye know not how the fire which burns
In words from poet's lips,
Upon the man's own spirit turns,
And ends in dark eclipse:
Ye know not, when for those ye love,
Ye ask the world's success,
That wealth, power, glory, never prove
Enough the heart to bless.

Far better ask Salome's prayer
For those, the heirs of light,
When thy Lord's kingdom comes, to share
The thrones to left and right:

Then with thy Father's perfect will
Be ready to comply,
Sure that His Love will lead them still
In wanderings far or nigh.

But, best of all, seek only this,
The power for service true,
To find in good their perfect bliss,
One light in varying hue:
They please Him best who make their choice
To take the lowest place;
And in His presence they rejoice,
True heirs of God's great grace.

— *Christian Society.*

IN THE DEEP.

WHEN golden joys are few and brief,
And life is in the fading leaf,
The heart grows cold with silent grief.

The world moves on with heavy wheels,
And ev'ry step some ill reveals,
The eye beholds, the spirit feels.

When sinks the sun in yonder sky,
Shutteth the flow'r its weary eye,
And waits the dawn submissively.

Not with such resignation meek
Do I now act, but foolish, weak,
Cherish the thoughts I dare not speak.

Man! with an idol great or small,
Thy honey changes into gall,
For Dagon from his height shall fall!

I lock'd an image in my soul,
And felt a tide of worship roll,
Which leapt beyond the cliff, control.

But it was fashion'd from the clay,
And though 'twas with me yesterday,
It hath return'd to dust to-day!

O Grief! thou pale and haggard-eyed,
Who sittest closely by my side,
Thou, thou art mine, and none beside!

Yet move thy shadow from the wall!
Why should I drink thy proffer'd gall?
Is there no God above us all?

Will He not list the suppliant's pray'r?
Will He not take the sting from care?
Will He not lift me from despair?

— *Ibid.*

From the Edinburgh Review.

Mémoires du Comte Beugnot, Ancien Ministre (1783 — 1815). Publiés par le Comte ALBERT BEUGNOT, son petit-fils. Deux tomes. Paris: 1866.

THE reminiscences of a man of spirit and intelligence, who had seen the condition of French society before the Revolution of 1789 — who shared and survived the dangers of 1793 — who took an active part in the Imperial administration under Napoleon — and a still more active part in the restoration of the Bourbons and the establishment of constitutional monarchy in France, are amongst the most instructive and entertaining memorials of modern history. We opened these volumes with high expectations, which have not been disappointed. They are really a valuable addition to the literature of the French Revolution; and they supply many of those happy touches and characteristic incidents which serve to complete the picture of that extraordinary period. Portions of these memoirs had already appeared in the '*Revue Française*' of 1838, and the '*Revue Contemporaine*' of 1852; indeed the additions now made to these fragments are not large, and it appears that the remainder of M. Beugnot's autobiographical papers, to which allusion is frequently made by himself, are no longer in existence. The memoirs therefore retain their fragmentary character, and, for once, we are assured that we possess them in their true form. This can so rarely be said of the French memoirs of the day, that we must express our gratitude to the Beugnot family that they have not allowed any hired hand to 'make up' or mutilate their literary inheritance. They have published whatever had come down to them, without any attempt to supply gaps or invent transitions. These volumes appear under the sanction of the highly respectable name of the author's grandson; and although the highly epigrammatic and dramatic style in which they are written might awaken some suspicions, yet we believe in their authenticity and credibility.*

*A recent example of this most reprehensible practice of dressing up memoirs has come under our notice, which is so extraordinary that we feel bound to comment upon it. A volume appeared not long ago in Paris, entitled '*Anne-Paule-Dominique de Noailles, Marquise de Montagu*,' purporting to be an authentic memoir of that amiable woman, the fourth daughter of the Duc d'Ayen, and a sister of Madame de Lafayette. Nothing could be more interesting and affecting than this narrative of her blameless and heroic life. It was originally printed as a '*recueil de souvenirs qui n'étaient point destinés au public*,' by the children of Madame de

Memoirs may be divided into two great classes — those which are really contemporary, with all the fluctuations and contradictions of current opinion, and those which are recast afterwards when the events to which they relate are terminated. A writer with the graphic powers of a Saint-Simon may by the latter process leave to posterity a more complete picture of a great reign, or may, with the sedate wisdom of Count Mollieu in his invaluable records of the First Empire, raise his personal reminiscences to the dignity of history. But in point of vivacity and reality nothing can make up for the freshness of a recent impression. We feel in the present tense, though we reflect in the *præterperfect*. And the nearer a writer can bring us to the scenes he is describing, the more completely does he master our sympathy and our interest.

M. Beugnot was born in 1761 at Bar-sur-Aube, where his family belonged to the *noblesse de robe* of the province, and he himself was brought up to fill a legal office before the Revolution. He gives us no details, however, as to his early life, and the narrative of his adventures begins with a relation of his curious acquaintance with the notorious Madame de Lamotte. It seemed extremely improbable that anything more remained to be said of the affair of the Diamond Necklace — that scandalous intrigue

Montagu, and with the sanction of the illustrious House of Noailles. The facts and details were stated to be taken from the journal of Madame de Montagu herself, or from her correspondence with her sisters. 'On ne peut avoir,' say the editors, '*d'écrits plus certains et plus sincères pour raconter la vie de quelqu'un, et pour se faire une idée de ce qui la compose et de ce qui l'entoure.*' We know from the best authority that these statements are true, as far as the materials of the work are concerned; but unfortunately they were placed in the hands of a person who grossly abused the confidence of the Noailles family.

It would be incredible if the fact had not been proved in an action at law brought against the Duc de Noailles to recover an additional payment, that this work was prepared for the press by a profligate hireling named Auguste Callet, who by his own showing is as great an impostor as is to be met with in literary history. This person asserted before the Tribunal Civil de la Seine on the 7th July 1855, that the book in question was *composed and written by himself*; that the journal kept by Madame de Montagu had been destroyed, and was only represented by fragments of an imperfect copy, and that the authentic materials in existence were insufficient to produce more than a few pages of biography; that, accordingly, M. Callet had been reduced to conjecture, and had *invented* many of the most striking and affecting incidents in the book. Callet failed in his action, for the Court held that he had been already sufficiently paid for his fraud, and that his object was to extort money to which he had no legal claim, by making it known. But this circumstance has materially shaken the confidence with which the book was received, and we regret that these statements have not been publicly confuted by the Noailles family.

which had so disastrous an effect on the fortunes of Marie Antoinette. But, as Madame Campan observes, of all the enemies of the Queen, this Lamotte was destined to be the worst; and a cabal which originated in vanity, lust, and avarice — in which Marie Antoinette had no part but that of a victim — was more injurious to her than her own social failings or political errors. Madame de Lamotte was probably the authoress of the whole plot, unless indeed she was aided in it by the sinister genius of Cagliostro. By a strange series of accidents, M. Beugnot, himself one of the most honest of men, was in the company of this woman at the most critical moments of her life, and might, on less evidence, have been thought to be implicated in her villany.

It must have been about the year 1765, that M. Beugnot's father, going his rounds to levy the *taille* in the country near Bar-sur-Aube, was entreated by the curé of the parish of Fontete to relieve three children who were starving in a wretched hovel by the roadside. These children, a boy and two girls, were the last descendants of an illegitimate branch of the House of Valois, through a Baron de St. Remi who was a natural son of King Henry II. Their father, in spite of his high lineage, was no better than a tramp, who lived by poaching and robbing orchards. But his pedigree was incontestable and had been accepted by Chérin, the court genealogist of Louis XV. Moved by the extreme distress of these children, an effort was made by Beugnot, the elder, to provide for them in the neighbourhood. He himself gave them some money. The Bishop of Langres protected them. The King at last bestowed on the boy a pension of 1,000 livres, and an admission to the Naval School of France. The girls were put to school at the Abbey of Longchamps near Paris, and so the last descendants of the Valois were brought back to civilised life. The boy, called the Baron de Valois, entered the navy, and honourably lost his life in action. The girls were destined to take religious vows; but their vocation was so small, that when the subject was broached they ran away from Longchamps, and found their way back with six livres in their pocket in 1782 to Bar-sur-Aube, where young Beugnot was then just beginning to make a figure in the world. It is evident that he was not a little taken with the elder of the young ladies, to the great alarm of his father, who regretted that he had ever dug them out of the hovel by the roadside. A benevolent lady of Bar-sur-Aube, Madame de Surmont, shocked at the destitute condition of these

young persons of quality, invited them to her house; they stayed there a year, and the eldest young lady, who might have sat for the moral traits of Mr. Thackeray's 'Becky Sharp,' began her operations on mankind by making her ascendancy felt in the house of this hospitable protectress, and marrying her nephew, M. de Lamotte, who was then serving in the gend'armerie of the department. The happy pair had nothing to live on but their wits; and while the bride dispatched her husband to reclaim the missing estates of the house of Valois, she lost no time herself in repairing to Paris. The portrait of this terrible adventuress is not ill drawn by M. Beugnot.

'Madame de Lamotte was not what is called beautiful; she was low in stature, but well-formed; her eyes were blue, full of expression, and shaded by dark rounded eyebrows. Her face was rather long, with a good mouth and excellent teeth; and the peculiar stamp of her kind — a bewitching smile. Her hand was good, her foot small; her complexion remarkably fair. She had learnt nothing, but she had plenty of talent and penetration. As she had been contending from her birth against the whole order of society, she set its laws at defiance and those of morality as well. She passed clean over them all, as if she never suspected their existence. A character such as hers is a frightful spectacle to an observing eye, but seductive enough to the common run of men who do not look at things so closely.' (P. 12.)

Meanwhile young Beugnot had come up to Paris for his legal studies, and he soon received a visit from this interesting client. He looked up for her the old patent of Henry II. in the archives which had settled these estates on her ancestor, wrote a memorial in support of her claims, paid a bill for her several times over at the Hotel de Reims, and prevailed on her once or twice a week to dine with him at the *Cadran Bleu*. On other days they took a walk together, which generally ended in a café.

'The lady had a singular love of beer, and no beer came amiss to her. She would eat, out of pure inadvertence, two or three dozen tartlets; and these inadvertences were so frequent that I could not but perceive she had dined very lightly, if at all.'

However, this state of depression soon came to an end. She announced one day that Madame de Boulainvilliers had obtained for her the honour of an audience of the Cardinal de Rohan, and Beugnot lent her his carriage to go there. 'I must have it,' said she, 'for in this country there are but

two ways to go begging, either at the church door or in a coach and pair.' The results of that visit were memorable in all history. The Cardinal, himself a profligate and an adventurer in his way, was completely subdued by the grace and address of the fair supplicant. It is certain from a collection of letters from him to the Lamotte, which were luckily destroyed by Beugnot after his arrest, that he was madly in love with her; and from that moment her progress in the path of vice, guilt, and success was rapid. She therefore smilingly informed her friend Beugnot (still at the *Cadran Bleu*) that he could no longer be of any use to her. But in this she was mistaken. For a time, however, he withdrew from her society, and she transferred her operations to Versailles, where she succeeded in making the acquaintance of persons about the Court who had already practised on the Queen. It soon became evident that she had made her fortune and lost her character; but with singular impudence she and her husband came back to pay a visit to their old friends at Bar-sur-Aube, (who received them at first very coldly) with a splendid equipage, a profusion of money, and all the luxury of a great lady — accessories which speedily led people to take a more favourable view of their condition.

Madame de Lamotte's house in Paris in the following year was not less brilliant and agreeable; and there Beugnot, at his own request, met Cagliostro — a worthy member of such a company.

'The great mountebank seemed cut in the very mould of *Signor Tulifano* (the Dulcamara of that day) on the Italian stage — short, stout, olive-coloured, with eyes half out of his head, and a broad turned-up nose. He wore that day an iron-grey single-breasted coat embroidered with gold, a scarlet waistcoat with rich lace, red breeches, his sword under the tails of his coat, and a broad hat with a white feather — looking very like those drug-sellers and tooth-drawers who perform at fairs. But Cagliostro raised the character of his dress by his lace ruffles, sparkling rings, and shoe-buckles looking very much like diamonds. I still looked askance at him, hardly knowing what he was like, but in spite of myself, the whole aspect of the man had something imposing about it, and I wanted to hear him talk. His language was a strange mish-mash of Italian and French, with numerous quotations, which he gave us to understand were Arabic, but which he did not translate. He alone talked — he could touch on as many subjects as he pleased, as nobody else had anything to say about them. Every moment he looked round the table, and begged to know if he was understood; at which

everybody round the table bowed assent. When he began a subject he raised his voice as if he were inspired, and then dropped into a tone of gallantry and ludicrous compliment. This lasted all supper-time, but all I understood was that the hero had been talking of the sky, the stars, the Grand Arcanum, Memphis, the hierophant, transcendental chemistry, giants, big beasts; of a city bigger than Paris in the interior of Africa, where he had numerous correspondents; of our ignorance of a thousand things which he had at his fingers' ends; and of the charms of Madame de Lamotte, whom he called his dove, his gazelle, his swan, &c. After supper he honoured me with a round of questions, but as I contented myself with humbly expressing my own ignorance, I was afterwards assured by Madame de Lamotte that he had conceived the most favourable impression of my person and my attainments.

'I returned home on foot and alone. It was one of those nights of spring, when the moon seems to lend the softness of her light to the promise of the coming year. The town was quiet and solitary, as it commonly is in the *Marais* after midnight. I stopped in the *Place Royale* to meditate on the scene which had just passed before me. I thought with bitterness of mankind, when I saw to what depths of extravagance men sated with all the gifts of fortune and society may descend. I thought with compassion of that wretched Cardinal de Rohan, whom Cagliostro and the Lamotte are, I see, driving to the abyss. But is my own curiosity so venial? What have I to do in this gilded cavern of people whom I despise and whom I ought to abhor? I contrasted these scenes with the early impressions of my father's house and of my studious years; and condemning my own weakness, I resolved to separate myself from Madame de Lamotte and her band without a rupture, but altogether.' (P. 62.)

A more illustrious victim than the Cardinal de Rohan was threatened by these machinations, and by a curious accident Beugnot was again thrown into Madame de Lamotte's company at a most decisive moment. He had gone to call one evening on a person from his own province whom Madame de Lamotte had made her companion. That lady herself was out, but as the evening wore away she returned, accompanied by her husband, her secretary, and a remarkably handsome well-grown girl of about twenty-five. They were all in the highest spirits, the unknown beauty as well as the rest; and as supper was served and the wine went round, she became noisy. Villette (the secretary) said that 'it was not true that people were always betrayed by themselves; that everybody betrayed you; and that' — Here Madame de Lamotte, next whom he was sitting, put her hand to his mouth, and exclaimed, 'Hush! M. Beug-

not is too honest a man to bear our secrets.' The conversation thus interrupted, Beugnot was sent home in Madame de Lamotte's carriage, accompanied by the tall young lady, whom he dropped on his way at the Rue de Cléry. That young lady was Made-moiselle Oliva, who had personated the Queen in the scene when she gave a rose to the Cardinal in the bosquet de Versailles. The trick had been played that very evening, and by this strange accident Beugnot had supped with the actors. From that moment the mystification of the Cardinal was complete, and the Diamond Necklace was in the grasp of the gang.

Strangely enough, after the extraordinary success of the plot, the Lamottes not only did not leave the country with their plunder, but they had the folly and audacity to return to Bar-sur-Aube, where they were well known, to exhibit it. They openly displayed enormous wealth. Wag-gons loaded with splendid furniture came down from Paris. Two complete services of plate glittered on the sideboard. They even exhibited a casket of diamonds of great value, and a multitude of costly articles of jewelry. All this was set down to the infatuation of the Cardinal, but it created distrust, and in the better houses of the province Madame de Lamotte was in very indifferent repute.

She still succeeded, however, in pushing herself into society, and on the 17th of August 1785 she was even received by the Duc de Penthièvre at his seat at Châteaувilain, with honours only paid to persons of high rank. Beugnot was staying at that moment at the Abbey de Clairvaux, with Dom Rocourt the Abbot, a very strange successor of St. Bernard; the Abbé Maury was to preach next day the annual commemoration of that great saint at the monastery. Dom Rocourt was so good-looking that when he was presented at Versailles, the Queen called out, 'Ah! le beau moine!' and he was in other respects a well-appointed gentleman, having 400,000 francs a year, and never travelling without four horses and an outrider. With this gay abbot, in his abbey, Madame de Lamotte, on her way back from Châteaувilain, came to dine, and in her avowed character of the mistress of a Prince of the Church, she seems to have thought she had a claim to figure at its ceremonies. This the Abbot declined, but he invited her to supper; and to this same supper arrived fresh from Paris the preacher of the morrow's feast. They sat down at once to table, and the Abbot, impatient of news from Court, challenges

his guest for the last news from Versailles. 'What news?' replied Maury, 'where do you live then? There is news which astounds all Paris. The Cardinal de Rohan, High Almoner of France, was arrested last Tuesday, on Assumption Day, in his pontifical robes, at the door of the King's closet.' 'Is the cause of so violent a measure known?' 'Not exactly; but they say it is about a Diamond Necklace he was to have bought for the Queen, and did not buy. It is strange for such a trifle that they should have arrested the High Almoner of France.'

We continue the story in M. Beugnot's words:—

'No sooner had this news reached my ears, than I looked at Madame de Lamotte, who had dropped her napkin, whilst her pale and motionless face hung over her plate. After the first effort, she sprang up and rushed out of the room. One of the Abbot's attendants followed her, and I shortly rejoined her. She had already ordered her carriage and we started together. "Perhaps I was wrong to come away so abruptly," said she, "especially in presence of the Abbé Maury." "Not the least. Your relations with the Cardinal are known, and almost avowed. His life may be in danger; your part is to anticipate the letters, the couriers, the news. But what is the cause of his arrest?" "I can't conceive, unless it be some trick of Cagliostro's. The Cardinal is infatuated with that man, though I have never ceased to warn him." "Very well: but what is this affair of the necklace?" "All Cagliostro." "But you received the fellow at your house. Are you sure he has not compromised you?" "Not at all. I am sorry I left the supper. But there is nothing that fellow will not say." "Madame de Lamotte," rejoined I, "you have already said more than I care to hear; but I still offer to render you a last service. It is now ten o'clock. Your husband can join you in an hour with your valuables. You can reach Châlons to-night, whence you may gain the coast, and get a boat for ten louis to carry you to England." "Nonsense," she replied, "I have nothing to do with this affair." "At least," I added, after a silence of half an hour, "as soon as you get home, burn every paper which might compromise the Cardinal. You owe that to his honour and to your own safety." To this she assented, and on arriving at her apartment we at once opened a great box of sandal-wood filled with papers of every size and every colour. I asked her whether they contained any bank notes, and on her answering in the negative, I proposed to throw the whole into the fire. This she refused to do, and insisted on our going through all the papers. Then it was that I saw what ravages the delirium of love, rendered more intense by the delirium of ambition, had wrought in this unhappy man. It is fortunate for the memory of

the Cardinal that those letters were destroyed, though they would have formed a strange page in the history of human passions. But what must that age have been in which a Prince of the Church would not hesitate to write and to sign letters to a woman, whom he knew so little, which in our days no man with an atom of self-respect could even read to the end?

'I saw, too, in this box letters from Bohemer and Bossange speaking of the necklace, and of terms of payment; and threw all into the fire. The operation was a long one. When I left Madame de Lamotte her chamber was reeking with the smell of burnt paper and sealing-wax. It was then three in the morning. She promised to go to bed. But at four o'clock she was arrested, and at half-past four on her way to the Bastille.' (Vol. i. p. 86.)

Lamotte, the husband, effected his escape to England, no orders having been given to arrest him at the same time. The police, indeed, showed an extraordinary want of vigour in the whole affair. The arrest of the Cardinal took place at noon on the 15th of August. He at once denounced Madame de Lamotte as the authoress of the plot. Yet it was not till the 18th that she was taken at Bar-sur-Aube; and, as the warrant for the apprehension of her husband was sent down five days later, he had ample time to fly to England, and to carry off the diamonds which were the fruit of the robbery.*

Our limits forbid us to dwell on the sketches M. Beugnot has left us of the society of France at the outbreak of the Revolution; yet they are extremely characteristic. In spite of all the signs which announced the coming storm, it was impossible for the country-gentleman to believe it. Had not the King an army of 150,000 men to maintain order? What could persuade Dom Rocourt of Clairvaux that the Abbey and the Rule of St. Bernard were to be swept from the face of France? What could induce the great lady to believe that she was of less consequence in the vast medley of life than the daughter of an apothecary? When the danger became more apparent, Madame de Brionne, like many others of her rank, prepared to leave the country. The Bishop of Autun (Talleyrand) remonstrated with her, and advised her to take refuge in some small provincial town, where, if she lived quietly, no one would remark her. 'A small pro-

vincial town!' exclaimed the Marchioness — 'no, M. de Périgord; paysanne tant qu'on voudra, *bourgeoise jamais!*' The whole country took up arms. The fear of brigands put a weapon into every man's hand. The manor-house was to be defended by a few rusty fowling-pieces. The game was swept off the country. The fishponds were dragged in front of the château. The tiers-état, in the form of three or four drunken peasants, assumed a sovereign jurisdiction over the roads. M. Beugnot witnessed these scenes with vexation and regret, but he was returned to the Legislative Assembly as the Deputy of Bar-sur-Aube, and played his part in the abortive work of that illustrious body.

His participation in the legislative labours of the Revolution did not, however, exempt him from its dangers. He had rendered himself obnoxious to the hatred of the revolutionary party by moving the decree of accusation against Marat; and early in 1793 he learned that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension. The only alternatives were imprisonment or flight. With patriotic confidence he chose the former, and resolved to abide the worst. He placed his money and his papers in the hands of a couple of friends, who robbed him; and putting 'Epictetus,' 'Marcus Aurelius,' and 'Thomas à Kempis' in a bundle with a few clean shirts, he prepared for the Conciergerie. At the moment of his seizure he wished to add a volume of 'Tasso' to his packet, but the title of 'Jerusalem Delivered' was regarded as suspicious. 'Tout ce qui vient de Jérusalem ne sent pas bon,' said the ruffian who had him in his power, and 'Tasso' was left behind. As he reached the entrance of the prison, the long steps of the Palais de Justice were crowded like an amphitheatre with ferocious wretches watching for the departure of the death-cart and the arrival of fresh victims. As he got down the whole mass rose screaming, clapping, and vociferating like cannibals. The hapless prisoner was pelted with nameless filth, and he might judge by his entry into the prison of what awaited him on leaving it.

His first three nights were spent in a dungeon with a murderer and a thief. It was by mistake he was placed there, but mistakes were common in the Conciergerie; and perhaps the company of the worst criminals underground was less perilous than that of the political victims up-stairs. Interest had, however, been made for him, and he was shortly transferred to the Infirmary, as the best part of the prison.

* The husband, who was known under the strange name of M. Mustiphragnais in his later years, died in Paris as late as the year 1831; but he had fallen into such extreme indigence that he was in the receipt of the charitable relief bestowed upon the poorest members of the community — in fact, he literally died a pauper.

Here the sick, the dying, and the dead were thrown pell-mell on some thirty or forty wretched beds—no air, no ventilation, no cleanliness—a brutal doctor gave twenty minutes once a day to forty patients, and every form of outrage and suffering were heaped upon the miserable inmates of that den of horror. Yet here, and in an adjoining room, Beugnot found himself once more in the presence of friends with whom he had sat in the Legislative Assembly, and as his imprisonment was, by a rare exception, prolonged for four months, he may be said to have undergone the Reign of Terror in the very crucible of human suffering.

First came the Girondins. Seven of them shared his room. At two in the morning, on the 2nd of November, the gaolers entered the cell with torches, to make an inventory of their scanty possessions and sweep these illustrious victims away to judgment and the scaffold. Amongst these men, remarkable for the difference of their characters and the similarity of their fate, was Fauchet, the ex-Bishop of Calvados, who retained his attachment to the Catholic faith with the zeal of a martyr. Every day he read his breviary, a portion of Scripture, and a chapter of the Imitation of Jesus Christ. But his favourite study was the Apocalypse, for in that he fancied that St. John had predicted the Jacobin Club, the reign of Robespierre, the 'noyades' of Carrier, and even the 'carmagnoles' of Barère. Gensonné and Brissot listened with amazement to the fervour of his harangues.

Next came Bailly:—

'He entered the prison with a serenity worthy of one of the lights of the age. No complaint, no reproach, passed his lips in the six days on which he stood before that mock-tribunal. He gave his answers to the end with the same coolness, precision, and dignity, though one's blood boils at the questions they put to him. No doubt especial orders had been given to make him drink of that bitter cup drop by drop; for, in the prison, where he had formerly brought the consolations of kindness and humanity, when he stood at the height of fortune and of fame, he was now treated with every refinement of barbarity. When the hour came for his attendance before the Court, his name was called out first, and, as he approached, the gaolers pushed him backwards and forwards, shrieking, "Tiens—voilà Bailly! à toi Bailly! prends donc Bailly!" he meanwhile moving with gravity through this dance of cannibals.

'The day before his death, Bailly anticipated what was to happen, and spoke of it without emotion. "The public has been misled about me," he said; "I hope the simple execution of

the judgment will content them; but the police will keep order." "What," said I, "were you deceiving us by the tranquillity you showed, and the confidence you expressed?" "No," replied Bailly, "but I was giving you an example of never despairing of the laws of your country." The next morning early he took a cup of chocolate, and afterwards two cups of pure coffee. I expressed surprise at his taking the coffee upon the chocolate. "I took the chocolate," said Bailly, "because it is nourishing and soothing, but as I have a difficult passage to make, and I distrust my own temperament, I took the coffee in addition, because it excites and stimulates me, and I hope with this diet I shall reach the end of my journey." At that moment his name was called, and for the last time I embraced him. He wished me a happier fate, and thanked me for the interest I had shown him.' (P. 199.)

One of the next victims in this strange group was Madame Roland, whose character and history we have delineated at some length in a recent Number of this Journal. M. Beugnot's impressions of that remarkable woman correspond with singular precision with those we had received from the re-perusal of her own Memoirs. There was much of harshness and extravagance in her devotion to the ideal of antique Stoicism, and her revolutionary opinions were odious to Beugnot. But in spite of the unfavourable prepossessions with which he saw her in that hall of Eblis, the grace and dignity with which she bore her misfortunes and prepared to meet her doom were irresistible.

'The day Madame Roland was to take her trial, Clavières sent me to her on some errand. I would have refused, but Clavières insisted, observing that an interview between her and himself on that day might be injurious to both of them. I went therefore, and watching the moment at which she left her room, I joined her as she passed. She waited at the bars till she was called. Her dress was careful; she wore a gown of white muslin, trimmed with blonde, and fastened round the waist by a sash of black velvet. Her hair was dressed; she wore a light and simple bonnet, and her beautiful locks fell waving on her shoulders. Her face seemed rather more animated than usual; her colour was lovely, and she had a smile upon her lips. With one hand she lifted the train of her gown, the other hand she surrendered to the crowd of women who surrounded her to kiss it. Those amongst them who best knew what awaited her sobbed aloud, and commended her to Providence. No words can describe that picture. Madame Roland answered them all with affectionate kindness; she did not promise them to return; she did not tell them she was going to die; but the last words she spoke to

them were words of tender advice. She exhorted them to be united, to be brave, to hope, and to show the virtues which became their position. An old gaoler, named Fontenay, whose good heart had resisted for thirty years his harsh duties, cried as he opened the gate. I acquitted myself of Clavières' errand; she answered me briefly and with firmness. A phrase just begun was interrupted by the turnkey who summoned her into Court. At that signal, terrible for any one but herself, she stopped, and taking me by the hand, she said, "Let us make it up, sir; the time is come." Raising her eyes to mine, she perceived I was struggling to repress my tears and was extremely affected. She seemed touched by my sympathy, and added but two words, "Courage! courage!" (Vol. i. p. 200.)

The women's quarter in the Conciergerie exhibited, even more than that occupied by the men, all the varied emotions of that extraordinary time. A corridor was common in the daytime to both sexes, and here there was as much dressing, talking, flirting, and love-making as in the salons of Paris. Most of the women contrived to change their dress three times a day, though in the interval they had often to wash or mend the garment they were about to put on. The tone of conversation was gay and animated, and people seemed bent on proving that though the Reign of Terror might imprison and kill them, it could not make them dull or disagreeable. All ranks of society were blended in this singular promenade, and it sometimes happened that those who had sunk to the lowest grade in life, rose again to dignity and honour at the near approach of death. When the Duc du Chatelet was brought to this prison he was totally unnerved by his position — a rare instance — and moreover he was intoxicated. The next day he recovered his senses but not his composure, and stood bewailing himself at the bars of the women's chamber. A poor girl of the town, named Eglé, hardly twenty years old, who had been sent to prison because she hated and denounced the Revolution, said to this disconsolate nobleman, "Fidone, Monsieur le Duc! are you crying? know, Sir, that this is a place where those who have no name may gain one; and those who have a name ought to know how to bear it." The ruffian Chaumette had his eye on this girl, and proposed that she should be tried at the same time as Marie Antoinette and sent to the scaffold on the same tumbril. But even the monsters of that day recoiled from this execrable insult; the Queen was executed alone; and Eglé was reserved for the next occasion. Three months elapsed, and if she had held her

tongue she might have been forgotten, but her language was so violent that Fouquier resolved to make an end of her. The indictment which had previously been drawn up against her was still used on her trial, and she was literally condemned for having conspired with 'la Veuve Capet' against the liberties of the people. Eglé was proud of her indictment, but indignant at the detestable lies it contained with reference to the Queen. 'If they had sent me to the scaffold with her,' exclaimed the girl, 'they would have been precious taken in.' 'How so?' said Beugnot. 'Why, in the middle of the street, I would have thrown myself at her feet, and neither the executioner nor the devil should have removed me.' On her trial she abused the Revolutionary Tribunal in set terms, and poor Eglé was sent to the guillotine as an incorrigible aristocrat, like many a better woman.

While these and a multitude of other similar scenes were passing around him, Beugnot himself had the good fortune not to be brought up for trial. The case against him was not very clear, and a letter written by him to Lafayette some months before, which would infallibly have cost him his head, escaped the notice of his enemies. Meanwhile his wife, who was in Paris and at liberty, was unremitting in her exertions. She came to see him in the disguise of the woman who washed his linen, and at last, at the most critical moment of his life, she succeeded in obtaining his removal to La Force, another prison reserved for persons less gravely compromised. Here he remained for some months longer, not without imminent peril; he was not liberated until after the fall of Robespierre on the 10th Thermidor.

At this point a gap occurs in the fragments that remain of M. Beugnot's Memoirs. We pass in a moment from the sanguinary gloom of the Reign of Terror in 1794, to the active and prosperous career of an Imperial Minister in 1808. After the 18th Brumaire and the accession of the First Consul, Beugnot was summoned by Lucien Bonaparte, who knew him, to serve under the Home Department. He filled a prefecture and was named a Counsellor of State — then an important post in the government; and upon the creation of the Kingdom of Westphalia he was selected to administer its finances. He remained, however, but a short time at Cassel, and was soon afterwards sent to Dusseldorf by Napoleon to organize and govern the Grand Duchy of Berg, which was eventually to be given to the son

of the King of Holland. In the lottery of crowns which was drawn from month to month by the members and adherents of the Imperial family, it was difficult to foresee in what quarter of Europe a man might serve or reign. The Grand Duke of Berg of one year became King of Naples the next, and Beugnot, who was waiting at Bayonne to rejoin Murat, suddenly found himself on his way to the Lower Rhine. Ere he started he repaired to the Arch-Chancellor (Cambacérès) for his final instructions, which that distinguished gastronomer delivered in the following terms: 'My dear Beugnot, the Emperor settles the crowns as he pleases. All very well. The Grand Duke of Berg goes to Naples — so much the better. But his Highness was in the habit of sending me two dozen hams from his own duchy every year. The hams I must have. Take your measures accordingly.' The hams were of course punctually sent as long as the stability of the French Empire allowed of it. They were not only to be sent, but sent gratis. Cambacérès had secured an arrangement with Lavalette, the Postmaster-General, by which every mail from different parts of the Empire brought a fresh tribute to the Arch-Chancellor's table, and the fact that he paid nothing for them appears to have given additional zest to these varied viands.

Talleyrand held a different language. He referred to what had just taken place at Bayonne in strong terms: — 'Victories,' said he, 'cannot obliterate such actions as these, for they are base, fraudulent, and tricky. I can't tell you what the consequence will be, but you will see that they will never be forgiven him.'

Dusseldorf was at that time the capital of a small state of about a million inhabitants, which had been formed of the principality recently ceded by the House of Bavaria, with some additions from the territory of German mediatised Princes, and the old ecclesiastical domains of Munster. Nothing could be more purely German, and the manner in which these provinces had been torn from their rightful sovereigns to form an appendage to the French Empire was perfectly characteristic of the age. Count Beugnot (for he had accepted that title) compares his own position to that of a Roman pro-consul.

'It was in those days a position in Europe to be a Frenchman, and a great position to represent the Emperor of the French. Except that I could not with impunity have abused my powers, I was in Germany what the pro-consuls of Rome had been of old. The same respect, the same obedience of the population, the

same obsequiousness of the nobles, the same desire to win my favor and approval. We were still at that time under the spell of the peace of Tilsit. The invincibility of the Emperor was unshaken. I came from Paris, where I had spent my life at his Court, that is to say, amidst all the memorable deeds and marvels of his reign. In the Council I had seen that genius at work which ruled the human intelligence. I thought him born to be the true master of Fortune, and nothing appeared to me more natural than that the world should be at his feet. That seemed to me the future destiny of mankind. The country which fell to my lot augmented this illusion. Germany, ever prone to the marvellous, was long in losing her admiration of the Emperor. That admiration was still complete for the hero who had swept away the Prussian monarchy, the armies of Frederic, and the legions of the successors of Peter the Great.' (P. 313.)

These at least were M. Beugnot's own impressions; but we question whether the sentiments of Germany towards Napoleon in 1808 were not embittered by very different emotions. The members of a ruling race are slow to understand, and dull to feel, that hidden hatred which lurks in the heart of a subject people. The French flattered themselves that they were governing Germany, until the war-cry of 1813 placed a musket in the hand of every child of that enduring and avenging people. We readily believe that M. Beugnot did what he could to render the domination of France endurable to the Germans. He was proud of his little duchy. He embellished and improved the city of Dusseldorf. Brought up to the law, he respected the rights of the population; and he had no tinge of that military spirit which was the sorest curse of Imperial France.

'I had an honest confidence in the importance and stability of my position; but my character preserved me from the excesses which might have excited the people against me. I love to seek out whatever is honourable and good, and from the bottom of my heart I respected the inhabitants of the Grand Duchy; but there, as at Cassel, I committed the fault of treating lightly what is serious to the Germans, of seeing everything with French eyes, and, more than all, of giving way to my taste for a joke. This last defect was that which was least forgiven, and I should have succeeded better if I had not given way to it.'

But he was compelled by the exigencies of the Cabinet of Paris, with which he corresponded, to drain the country of recruits for the armies of France and of supplies for their maintenance. On all occasions he

was made to feel that the welfare of the province was subordinate to the interests of the Imperial Government, and that he formed but a fraction of the immense structure beneath which Napoleon had crushed the liberties of Europe. When that structure began to totter, the governor of the little out-work on the Rhine was one of the first to perceive the altered temper of the German nation, and the eagerness with which, after Eseling, they watched every sign of its approaching dissolution. After the battles of Lutzen and Bautzen, and during the armistice of Prague, the Emperor himself passed a few days at Mayence and ordered Beugnot to join him there. The account of that interview is extremely graphic.

'I found the Emperor as firm and prompt as ever, but he was not at his ease in conversation, and he evidently thought he had a part to play. On the very first day he gave me a long account of his forces of all arms. Whenever he made an assertion in the course of his harangue, which might try my credulity, he watched me closely to observe the effect of his statements. Thus, when he said that the King of Denmark was giving him 40,000 horses, with which he should have the most formidable cavalry in Europe, I made, without intending it, I must confess, a gesture of impatience, from which he inferred that I had no great reliance on his formidable cavalry. He grew angry. "You are one of those wisacres," he broke out, "who are cocksure of everything. You say, after Frederic, that seven years are required to make a trooper. I tell you, that with good officers, regiments of cavalry are formed as soon as others. Put the men on horseback and they stick there. That is all the secret. Look at my guards of honour! Nothing can surpass them for courage and intelligence. They are admirable cavalry; have we been seven years forming them?" The conversation turned on the recent levies of Austria and Bavaria. I took the liberty of remarking that they were very strong, and I expressed some doubt of the political views of those Powers. The Emperor pooh-poohed my doubts, but without irritation. I inferred from the manner he spoke of it, that the same idea had more than once crossed his own mind. "I don't know," said he, "against whom these excessive levies of men are intended, by Austria especially. If this goes on, who is to stop? There will be none but women left in Europe to till the ground. I have an army as good as ever, and 400,000 strong. That is enough to right myself in the North. I shall not think of doubling it, though nothing would be more easy." I held my tongue, and acquiesced in everything his Majesty was pleased to wish me to believe. When he thought he had convinced me, he talked of the affairs of the Grand Duchy. He complained of the local troops, said they cost a great deal, and deserted the next morning. I

replied that his Majesty could not expect a parcel of German clod-poles to fight like the *élite* of the French guards of honour. After some further discussion the Emperor gave up the second light regiment I was to furnish, and said he had rather impose on the country the re-organization of a good Polish legion which would not desert. I replied that I hoped the expense would not exceed that of the regiment. To which the Emperor replied, "I must have troops, and formed troops. Manage it as you like. The time for calculating so closely is past." The Emperor then dictated letters to me for two or three hours, and so many decrees that it would take the whole night to engross them. All this time he was walking up and down in his cabinet, dictating with great rapidity. He stopped a moment at the first word of the sentence, and then threw off the whole in a breath, which rendered it almost impossible to follow him."

The art of the Emperor's secretaries consisted in seizing his meaning as well as they could, retaining if possible any characteristic expression, but putting the whole in their own words. He scarcely read the papers over when they were brought to him to sign, and only complained that they were written with too broad a margin. He insisted on not having any. After some little time Beugnot took an opportunity to urge the Emperor to grant to the inhabitants of the Duchy some relaxation of the state monopoly of tobacco, which had been imposed on them by France.

'When I had told my story, his Majesty replied, "It is inconceivable that you have not discovered the motive which makes me persist in maintaining the tobacco monopoly in the Duchy? It is not the affair of your Duchy, but of France. I know very well you gain nothing by it—perhaps you may lose; but what does that signify, if it is to the advantage of France? Know then that in every country in which the sale of tobacco is restricted by the State, and which borders on a country where the sale is free, you must reckon on a continental infiltration by smuggling for seven or eight leagues from the frontier. It is from that I want to protect France: you must prevent this infiltration as you can. I keep it at eight leagues from my frontiers. As matters now are, I can reckon on the returns of the left bank of the Rhine as much as on those of the interior of France. That is what I wanted. Guess then if I am going to sacrifice the interests of France to your convenience."

Within the next few days the intelligence of the defection of Bavaria and the more than equivocal attitude of Austria reached the Imperial Court. Napoleon said no more of the 40,000 horses from Denmark

and of his prodigious reinforcements. But one day when Beugnot through inadvertence took his master's chair in the imperial closet, and even took it more than once, Napoleon said to him, in a tone of expostulation rather than anger, 'You will sit in my place, I see; *you choose your time ill.*' Beugnot had the courage to persist in the representations he had already made in favour of the inhabitants of the Duchy, and he added that after all this was but a small concession to make, in order to give greater security to the rear of the French armies.

"At such a time," I said, "the public opinion of a country should be taken into consideration." "I understand you," rejoined the Emperor, looking at me with animation, "you advise me to make concessions, and to show great respect for public opinion; those are the big phrases of the school to which you belong." "Sire, I am of no school but that of the Emperor." "That is a way of speaking, nothing more. You are of the school of the *idéologues*, like Regnault, like Roederer, Louis, and Fontanes — no, not Fontanes, I am wrong, he belongs to another set of fools. Do you suppose I do not catch your meaning, through all the disguises in which you mask it? You are one of those who sigh for the liberty of the press, the liberty of the tribune, and who believe in the omnipotence of public opinion. Well then! I will tell you my last word!" Then putting his right hand on the hilt of his sword, he added, "As long as this sword hangs by my side, and may it long hang there, you shall have none of the liberties you are sighing for, not even that, Monsieur Beugnot, of making a fine speech of your own in the tribune." "But, sire, what enemy has traduced me to this extent in the eyes of the Emperor?" "No one; but I know you, and I know you better than you know yourself. You will bring those papers to me at the cabinet this evening." I was dismissed, but I received the same evening an order to attend the following day at ten, and to remain at home where I could be found. My audience on the following day was postponed till four, and when I arrived at that hour, I was informed by the Chamberlain of the day that his Majesty was getting into his carriage to leave Mayence. (Vol. ii. p. 19.)

Before many months had elapsed the sinister presentiments of M. Beugnot were fulfilled. Leipzig followed Dresden. The French troops in disorder retraced the great road of Germany which had so often led them to victory. The enemy pressed upon their rear, and very shortly nothing remained for the French Minister who was governing the Grand Duchy of Berg, but to pack up his papers, recross the Rhine, and leave his last dinner to be eaten by the

Count de St. Priest, a French émigré who commanded the division of the Russian army which occupied Dusseldorf.

On the left bank of the Rhine the authority of France was still unshaken, and the Prefect of Aix-la-Chapelle would not believe that the allied armies could ever venture to cross that barrier. Six leagues from that city lay Marshal Macdonald at the head of what was called his army. Beugnot was ordered to go to his headquarters and report on his troops. 'That,' said the Marshal, 'is soon done. The *personnel* of my army consists of myself, here present, and of the chief of my staff, General Gruneller: as to the *materiel*, that consists of four straw-chairs and a deal table. This is what they call at Paris the army of Marshal Macdonald.' On his return to Paris with this discouraging report, Beugnot had an audience of the Emperor, who still talked of preserving all that he possessed in Germany — his 100,000 men on the Elbe — and his determination to fall on the rear of the allies, and if they dared to cross the Rhine — '*vous verriez une belle débâcle.*' For the present, however, he ordered Beugnot to proceed to Lille in a position not sensibly differing from that of a Prefect. The order was insulting to a man of Beugnot's official rank, and he remonstrated accordingly. The Emperor replied in his usual style: —

"What do you mean? Whosoever serves me must serve as it suits me, and where it suits me. Minister or not, I have not time to think about that, and if I send you anywhere as a *sous-prefet* your duty is to go." "No doubt, Sire, but a man who has filled a high office cannot go to a lesser office without an air of disgrace, for —" "To the point, I am in a hurry. You must go to Lille, Duplantier is killing himself in my service there, which is no good to him or to me either. That department of the North is one of the gates of France, and you will have plenty to do there." "The Emperor may rely on my zeal, but may I ask with what title I am to present myself in that department?" "Really, Monsieur Beugnot, you presume." "I beg the Emperor's pardon." "Is this a time for titles? Go there as Préfet, as Minister, as Emperor if you dare. How can you talk to me of such nonsense, when my head is on fire from morning till night? Your Macdonald does nothing, prevents nothing. Clouds of Cossacks are ravaging the Rhine departments. I have to organise the defence of the whole country, and with what? At such a moment I place one of the keys of France in your pocket, and you talk to me of titles! It is time enough to talk of that when you have nothing else to do. They told me you were a man of sense, but you don't show it. Start at

the latest to-morrow morning. Correspond with my ministers, or write to me direct if there is any important reason. Good morning, Count Beugnot, a pleasant journey to you!"

And that was Count Beugnot's last conversation with Napoleon Bonaparte. His mission to Lille was of course abortive. All he could do was to prepare the place against a siege by the Russian army, and while he was still at his post he received a note from his old friend Dupont de Nemours in the following terms:—

'Take care of yourself. The last barrier is broken down; the allies will enter Paris to-night or to-morrow.'

Nothing remained for the luckless Minister but to effect his escape in disguise. At Amiens he saw for the first time the white cockade. At Chantilly the people were cheering the Provisional Government and the House of Bourbon. At St. Denis the Cossacks were burning stacks and collecting forage. And that was the end of the First Empire.

The Emperor Napoleon had not altogether misjudged M. Beugnot, when he told him that he was one of the men who were sighing in their hearts for a more liberal form of Government. He had served the Empire, without approving its despotic policy, or abandoning the principles of the Legislative Assembly; and he readily lent himself to the establishment of a more liberal form of government, when the representatives of the nation first gathered round the throne of Louis XVI. M. de Talleyrand, the sinister genius of the Restoration, was his friend, and accordingly he transferred his allegiance without hesitation to the *entresol* of the Hôtel St. Florentin, which has witnessed so many of the most remarkable events of this century. * Talleyrand at once placed the Ministry of the Interior in his hands, and he was thus suddenly called upon to take a prominent and decided part in the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne.

The task was one of appalling difficulty. The air was infected by the exhalations of dead horses and dead bodies. The enormous supplies of food required for the Allied armies threatened to famish the people. The population was groaning under the

horrors of invasion. The roads were blocked by troops or broken up by the recent military operations. Half France was in the hands of the enemy. The whole administrative machinery of the Empire was shattered to pieces. It deserves to be remembered to the immortal honour of Count Beugnot, that he was the man who, almost alone and unaided, faced these difficulties, and restored something like order in the kingdom. He entered the service of the Bourbons without prejudices or passion; he exercised the power confided to him without resentment; and it would have been well for the Court if they had had the wisdom to confide more implicitly in his patriotism and good sense. His evidence, therefore, on the true character of the First Restoration is of the highest value, and it absolutely contradicts the opinions which have too often been accredited in France.

'The enemies of the Bourbons have said and repeated, and they still repeat, that these Princes came back in 1814 in the baggage-waggons of the invader. So untrue is it that they came in that shameful guise, that the Duke of Wellington refused at Bordeaux to see the Duke of Angoulême, who had thrown himself into that town with more spirit than discretion; and when the magistrates of the town consulted the English General as to the conduct they should adopt towards this prince, the Duke of Wellington replied that he thought it would be unwise to commit themselves with the Duke of Angoulême whilst the allies were still negotiating at Chatillon with the ministers of Napoleon. At the same time *Monsieur* (the Comte d'Artois) was timidly approaching some of the towns of Lorraine, more careful to avoid the Austrian commander than the local authorities; he was far enough from invoking the forces of the invader, and he would have done so without success. He had taken refuge at Vesoul, where he was visited by a few gentlemen of the country, and avoided by the greater number. The Emperor of Russia declared in a proclamation of the 31st March, that the Allied Sovereigns would only recognize and guarantee a constitution given by the French nation to itself; and in reply to a deputation of the Senate on the 2d April, the same Prince said, "It is just and wise to give to France strong and liberal institutions in harmony with the enlightened spirit of the age. The object of my allies and of myself is to protect the liberty of your decisions." It was only four days later when the Senate, by its constitution, had recalled Louis Xavier of France to the throne, that the Bourbons were acknowledged. Till then, although France was occupied by 200,000 foreign troops, their existence was hazardous and obscure. And I am confident that if the Senate had at that moment summoned to the throne of France some other family than the

* The small apartment of the Hotel St. Florentin was the residence of Prince Talleyrand, and was afterwards occupied by Princess Lieven till her death. The Emperor Alexander of Russia lived, during his residence in Paris, on the first floor of the same hotel.

Bourbons, that family would have been accepted by Europe, not only without difficulty, but with satisfaction, so generally was the prediction believed that the Bourbons would have great difficulty in maintaining themselves in the country.' (Vol. ii. p. 99.)

M. Beugnot had had, we think, no previous acquaintance with any members of the Royal Family, and he had no prepossessions in their favour. But the position he filled in the Provisional Government at the moment of the Restoration brought him into contact with the Comte d'Artois, and in spite of his own liberal views Beugnot had more personal regard for him than for Louis XVIII. The constant opposition which really existed between these two royal brothers originated in their characters, but it was strengthened by the whole course of their lives. It had divided the emigration at Coblenz; it divided the friends of the Restoration at Paris; and in spite of the superior abilities, tact, and judgment of the King, the most influential member of the Royalist party was his brother.

On the 12th of April the Comte d'Artois made his triumphal entry into Paris. That was beyond a doubt the brightest day of the Restoration. The enthusiasm of the people was genuine. The crowds flocking around him arrested his passage from the Barrière de Bondy to Notre Dame. To some one, who attempted to make way for him, the Prince exclaimed, 'Laissez, Monsieur, laissez, j'arriverai toujours trop tôt.' On his return to the Tuileries, Beugnot expressed a hope that he was not 'fatigued.' 'Fatigued? How should I be fatigued? This is the only day of happiness I have had for thirty years . . .' But, after all, the brilliant impressions of the day were over, and the mighty work was not complete. 'There remains,' said M. de Talleyrand, 'the article to be written for the "Moniteur";' and, above all, what had the Prince himself said on so memorable an occasion? 'Nobody could recollect. The probability is that beyond a few incoherent expressions of pleasure and of gratitude, he had said nothing at all. Then it was that Beugnot reached the culminating instant of his life. He tried it once. He tried it twice. M. de Talleyrand was not satisfied. At last M. Pasquier gave a fortunate hint, and at the third effort, Beugnot produced (out of his inner consciousness) those memorable words which appeared in the "Moniteur" the next morning, and have been ascribed to the Prince by an admiring posterity: 'Plus de divisions: la paix et la

France: je la revois enfin! et rien n'y est changé, si ce n'est qu'il s'y trouve nos Français de plus!' 'Capital,' said the great Censor, 'and I give you my word that the Prince will believe in a day or two that he really uttered them, and nobody will recollect you had a hand in the matter.' The *bon mot* has outlived not only the Prince, but the dynasty; and as M. Beugnot lost the honour of it in his lifetime, it is but fair that it should now be restored to his memory.

The following anecdote of that pedantic priest, the Abbe de Pradt, Archbishop of Malines under the Empire, is so droll that we must make room for it:—

'The day the Provisional Government was formed, the Archbishop of Malines called on M. de Talleyrand, and expressed his surprise that so important a structure should have been raised without reserving a place for him in it, and he asked the Prince with some ill humour what it was intended to do for him, as he clearly could not be left out. "Leave you out," exclaimed the Prince, "far from it. You can at this moment render a most signal service. Have you got a white pocket-handkerchief?" — "Yes." — "But a very white one!" — "Certainly." — "Let me see it then." The Archbishop pulls out his handkerchief, Talleyrand takes it by one corner, and waves it frantically in the air, shouting, "Vive le Roi." "You see what I am doing — now take your handkerchief, do as I do — go down along the Boulevard towards the Faubourg St. Antoine, waving the white standard crying, "Vive le Roi." — "But, Prince, you can't mean it. Just look at my dress. I am in my bishop's wig — my cross, my legion of honour." — "Just so," rejoined Talleyrand, "that is just what is wanted. If you had not got them on, you would have had to fetch them. Cross, wig, powder, dress, all that will make a sensation, and it is a sensation we want."

'It is hardly credible that M. de Pradt, a man not without talent and ability, should have fallen into such a trap. But off he went on Talleyrand's errand. At first he got on pretty well, though he was soon surrounded by a crowd of street blackguards, but when he reached the Boulevard Poissonnière, the Archbishop fell upon a knot of Bonapartists, who soon charged him and sent him flying homewards. His flight was so rapid that he had to pocket the white standard and to rush through the mud. In this state he got back to the Rue St. Florentin, where he proceeded to relate with great emphasis his daring and his success. He had conquered a great part of the capital to the royal cause; he had been stopped at the Faubourg Poissonnière by obstacles which could only have yielded to a troop of horse; but he still showed in his retreat that he was alike unmoved by the eye of Bonaparte and by the tu-

mult of the populace, *prava jubentium*. All which M. de Talleyrand listened to with the utmost coolness, and only said, "I told you that dressed as you are, you would make a sensation." (Vol. ii. p. 103.)

The sketches of the Comte d'Artois and the new-born royalist Court are extremely fresh and diverting, but we must leave them on one side to preserve a more sober portrait of the King, who shortly afterwards reached his capital. The entry of Louis XVIII. into Paris was less animated than that of his brother. The performance suffered by repetition, and the enthusiasm of the people had begun to evaporate. Above all, the chief actor was not the same. The Comte d'Artois was still the 'gay cavalier' of Versailles, graceful, excitable, and French in every gesture. Louis XVIII. was corpulent, infirm, and dignified. When it was proposed to put him on horseback, he contented himself with the remark, 'I tremble for the marshals who would have to support me.' And the sallies he frequently indulged in were more calculated to sting than to soothe those about him.

'Louis XVIII. maintained all the dignity of the throne amidst that mob of sovereigns who were then assembled in Paris, escorted by thousands of soldiers. Though he was himself unarmed and well nigh powerless, he was so full of the superiority of the King of France over all other kings, that even they were persuaded of it. The Emperor of Russia himself accepted of it. M. de Talleyrand had failed in an attempt to cause the Duke de Vicence, who was his friend, to be included in the peerage; but as the Emperor Alexander professed a particular regard for this personage, he undertook to ask Louis XVIII. for his advancement. His Imperial Majesty repaired to the Tuileries. The King received him most graciously, but without the least relaxation of his own dignity. Alexander was so taken aback, that he did not venture to ask for a thing likely to be refused him; he came back as he went, and candidly acknowledged the reason to M. de Talleyrand. Talleyrand told the Emperor that he was the only man in Paris who did not know his own power, and begged he would try again. This time the King had heard of the affair and was on his guard. The Emperor had not a chance. Louis XVIII. began by flattering generalities which melted Alexander, and he then touched on the melancholy position of a sovereign, after a revolution, who was not free either to grant or to refuse his favours. All this was said with such a tone of feeling and truth, that the Emperor was again taken in, and left the palace without alluding to the object of his visit. He thought it easier to offer Caulaincourt a great position in Russia, than to mention his

name to the King of France. In such passages as these the King was really a great master; and I had more than one opportunity of remarking that he was himself thoroughly persuaded that of all the sovereigns then in Paris, he was the only gentleman.' (Vol. ii. p. 137.)

Not a year had elapsed since M. Beugnot was writing despatches under the dictation of Napoleon at Mayence. It now became his duty to attend Louis XVIII. as Minister of the Interior, and to take his commands on the urgent questions of the day. A greater contrast has rarely fallen under the observation of a statesman.

'I arrived on the 6th May to work with the King. I brought him some important affairs, which *Monsieur* had not chosen to decide, having heard of his brother's speedy arrival. I had recently had occasion to lay matters of state before Napoleon, and I adopted with the King the same form of proceeding — that is to say, I had all the papers of each case carefully arranged, and I placed a *précis* before his Majesty stating the name of the parties, the nature of the question, its importance, and some observations upon it. I begged the King to look over the *précis* and tell me which paper he desired to take first. His Majesty, who had never seen or dreamt of anything of the kind, asked me what I meant.

'I had the *maladresse* to say that this was the way in which Napoleon transacted business, as he was very much pressed for time, and therefore chose the questions which appeared to be the most important. "Very well, sir," said the King, "but as I shall always have as much time to give you as you may require, you may relinquish these modes of proceeding of Bonaparte. They are not to my taste. Begin at the beginning."

After this exordium Beugnot had the barbarity to keep his unfortunate master an hour and a half over the papers. 'You have not spared me,' said the restored son of St. Louis. 'This is pretty well for a beginning. However, I shall always be ready to receive you.' And the next day he inquired whether his minister had not been a lawyer, from his love of detail. At length the Abbé Louis came to the rescue.

'How came you not to see, on the very first day, my dear colleague, that you bore the King to death? What is the use of making reports to him? You might as well make them to a saint in his niche. I just give him the ordinance to sign; he never refuses; while he is writing his name, which he does very slowly, I tell him what it is about. I don't bore him; but he bores me, because his signature is everlasting.'

It is not surprising that a minister taught under so different a school, and so little versed in the temper of the old Court, should soon be told to vacate his office. Beugnot only saw the King six times. Madame de Simiane and the Damas family remarked that the Ministry of the Interior ought to be filled by a man of quality, assisted by what she elegantly termed '*des bouleux*,' and the Abbé de Montesquiou was authorised to request M. Beugnot to retire from the department. He consented, however, somewhat weakly we think, to act as Director-General of the Police, and he was named by the King one of the Royal Commissioners charged with the preparation of the Charter.

The chapters of the second volume of these memoirs which record at considerable length the discussions on this important instrument are, for the purposes of history, the most valuable portion of M. Beugnot's reminiscences. But they are already known to the public and, in particular, they have been largely used by M. Duvergier de Hauranne, in the second volume of his admirable '*History of Parliamentary Government in France*.' It would draw us too far from our present object to follow M. Beugnot in this portion of his life — suffice it to observe that the note of these debates were evidently made at the time, and that they are the most authentic record which exists of the origin of the Charter of 1814.

We prefer to revert to his personal recollections and adventures during the Hundred Days.

A very short experience of the character of the Prince who was thus, by the grace of God, replaced on the throne of France, might have satisfied a man of the world like M. Beugnot, that nothing was to be expected from such a master. But it was a time of illusions, and probably the ambition of playing a more brilliant part under the Constitutional Monarchy than he had done under the Empire, induced M. Beugnot to take too flattering a view of the future and of his own prospects. Upon the return of Napoleon in March 1815, he accompanied the King to Ghent; he shared the privations and anxieties of the Hundred Days in Flanders, when the royalists and the Court were once more reduced to an ordinary of half-a-crown a day, and he returned to Paris after Waterloo. Perhaps the disappointment he afterwards felt at the King's faithlessness and ingratitude may have rendered him severe to Louis XVIII., but M. Beugnot is the only writer of the

time, as far as we remember, who places Charles X. in ability above his brother.

'Those who have never had occasion to transact business with *Monsieur* are always talking of his want of capacity, his narrow views, and his obstinacy. These reproaches are utterly unfounded. *Monsieur* applies to business a great deal of intelligence and earnest attention. It must be admitted that he sticks to the principles in which he was brought up; but his attachment to them is based on conviction, not on prejudice, as may easily be perceived from the skill with which he defends them. He is not without dexterity in argument, and readily seizes on any advantageous point of discussion. All this is, moreover, covered with absolute good faith, and no man has a conscience more void of offence.' (Vol. ii. p. 238.)

Few people have said as much for Charles X., and M. Beugnot is evidently speaking the language of personal regard. For Charles X. did undoubtedly inspire the strongest personal regard to those who knew him, whether on the throne or in exile. Louis XVIII., on the contrary, can hardly be said to have had a sincere friend or to have deserved one; for though his attainments, his wit, and his judgment were far beyond those of his brother, his character was one of unmitigated selfishness and extreme duplicity.

After the battle of Waterloo the King lost no time in re-entering his own dominions. He ordered his Ministers to meet him at Cambrai, where a *Te Deum* was sung in honour of the victory of the Allied armies, and the Court travelled with so much rapidity that they had reached the gates of Paris before it was known that they had left Ghent. Fouché alone was in the secret of the King's movements, for that ingenious personage, foreseeing the speedy termination of the Hundred Days, had continued to negotiate with Ghent, while he was still ostensibly serving the Emperor at the Tuilleries, and he took care to warn the King that the least delay in his return might be fatal to the dynasty. On the road to Paris Count Beugnot and Count de Jaucourt followed the King in another carriage. As they proceeded on their way, marks of the passage of the invading armies became more frequent, and near the village of Cavilly they passed the cottage of a widow which had been set on fire by some marauders. The poor woman sat on a stone disconsolate to watch the destruction of her little all; her children were sobbing on her knees,

and the whole scene was most afflicting. It seemed strange that the King of France in his coach should have passed along the road a few minutes before without taking the slightest notice of such an incident. However his two followers relieved the poor woman and kept their suspicions to themselves, charitably supposing that the King might have been asleep. Arrived at the village where the King was to dine, they rejoined his Majesty, and the following conversation ensued.

"We are happy to see that the King is arrived in safety, but your Majesty cannot fail to have been painfully affected by what we have just witnessed—a house on fire; it belonged to a poor widow with her two wretched children, and not a soul to help her."

"Ah, indeed!" said the Monarch; "I saw the house burning, and remarked that there was no one to put it out."

M. de Jaucourt. "It had been set on fire by some of the enemy's light troops, and the people of the village fled at their approach."

The King. "Something of that kind, I suppose."

M. de Jaucourt. "They must have pillaged the country, for we were told just now that there would be a difficulty in providing the King's dinner."

The King. "Oh! don't be uneasy. You are not aware, *M. de Jaucourt*, that the rabbits of this village are the most juicy rabbits in France—in all France. I remember coming here thirty years ago; nay, four-and-thirty years, it must have been, with the Marquis de Montesquiou and Chabrilant. The people of the country have a peculiar mode of dressing rabbits. I am to have two of them for dinner, and shall not be ill off . . ."

"We were far enough from the poor widow and her house on fire, but *M. de Jaucourt* artfully brought it up again."

"The King is good enough to conceal his own privations, but it is the duty of his servants to share them, for the occurrence I was just speaking of—that fire in the widow's house—is one which will happen elsewhere, and we must all do as much as we are able, for it cannot everywhere be said that a disaster witnessed by the King is a disaster repaired."

The King. "What can be done, gentlemen? It is not my fault. We must do as we did last year. Time and patience will set things to rights. I can't ask my Ministers to dine with me to-day; but I strongly recommend you to take care to taste those rabbits . . ." and the gesture of dismissal. (Vol. ii. p. 284.)

If Talleyrand was the genius of the first Restoration, Fouché was that of the second. It was impossible to avoid a recognition of his services—perhaps we might say the stipulated reward of them; and as *M. Beugnot* had performed the office of Secretary of State on the journey, it devolved on him

to present to Louis XVIII.,—for signature at St. Denis, the ordinance conferring the office of Minister of Police on the regicide Fouché, now Duke of Otranto. The King signed one or two other papers, and made a joke about the opera.

'At that moment I laid before him the nomination of the Duke of Otranto. The King glanced at it and dropped it. His pen fell from his hands. The blood rushed to his face. His eyes assumed a painful expression. For some minutes the silence was unbroken. At last with a deep sigh the King said, "It must be done, then." He took up the pen, still hesitating to sign, and added as he wrote, "Ah! my poor brother! if you see what I am doing I am already forgiven." His tears fell from his eyes upon the paper. I folded up the ordinance and left the room without another word.' (Vol. ii. 290.)

After the fidelity he had shown and the services he had rendered in the second exile, *M. Beugnot* had reason to rely on the assurances he had received of his Sovereign's gratitude and regard. He was not, however, included in the Ministerial arrangements, and the Ministry of Marine, which had been designed for him, was handed over to his travelling companion, *M. de Jaucourt*. On this occasion the King offered him the Post Office, with the rank of Minister, adding, 'This position will suit you, for it rescues you from Ministerial changes, and you will keep it as long as you retain my personal confidence,—that is, a long while or rather always.' Not long afterwards *M. de Vitrolles* reminded his Majesty that the Post Office had been promised to himself, and expressed his regret that *Beugnot* had not been named to higher functions. 'Have patience,' replied the supple Prince, 'you shall have the Post Office, when I take it away from *Beugnot*, and that will not be long . . .' We have not patience to track the maze of intermediate intrigue, with which the Court was already undermined. It is enough to add that before many weeks had elapsed, and on the first change of Ministry, the King took occasion to inform Count *Beugnot* with evident embarrassment at his next audience, that another person had just been appointed to the office he filled!

At this point the memoirs abruptly terminate, and we presume that this was Count *Beugnot*'s last experiment in the service of his Majesty King Louis XVIII. Nor, indeed, did he again hold office; he sat in the Chamber of Deputies from 1819 to 1824, voting generally with the Liberal party; in 1830 he was raised to the Peerage, and in 1833 he reached the close of his honourable and eventful life.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE DOUBTS THAT STING.

WHOM to trust! Where trust is broken, in certain natures, there is not only no recovery, but, if I may so speak, no discernment. Such natures no longer distinguish who is loyal and who is false. In proportion to their love for the deceiver, is the belief that none now can be true. When young Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, admits to his grieving, half-maddened soul the conviction that his mother is unworthy, he does not reserve a better faith for the purity of Ophelia, or the matron holiness of spotless wives. He sweeps the whole sex into one dark gulf of degradation, and exclaims —

“Frailty, thy name is WOMAN!”

The franker and nobler a man's own nature is, the more is his confusion under such circumstances. How it could come to pass he knows not; but he, or she, or they whom he most trusted, whom he thought he had most reason to trust, are false; there is no doubt of *their* falsehood: *ergo*, none can be sincere.

Alice guided her canoe over the shallows and rapids of her half-brother's miserable thoughts with a skill which Satan only can supply to his worshippers. What she admitted — with showers of tears and pale gasping lips — helped her through that which she concealed; and though no explanation that could be given could clear her from her own share of dissimulation, she somehow contrived to seem a victim instead of an offender. “I was like one walking in a dream,” said she, passing her slender hand over her forehead in slow musing accompaniment to the slowly uttered words. “And then, besides, I was afraid. Afraid for *his* life — and — and —” (here her voice sank to a frightened whisper) “somewhat for my own. I didn't exactly know all — oh, not the *half* of all! But I knew he had not those scruples that — that most men have; and he had lived — he used to tell me that — in savage lands, where life is not made of the importance it is here; so many nameless deaths there, and sudden deaths, and none to ask about them —” and Alice gave a little shudder.

“Oh! he wasn't like you — he wasn't like *you* —” she continued; “he was a man aye fleeing from consequences. But he was not meant to be what he is; he had his excuses; his strange fate. *I'm* not

going to excuse him,” she faltered, as she watched Sir Douglas's listening face; “you know it was the *good* that took me. I thought I had a friend . . . and he took so to the schools . . . and he seemed a sort of brother . . . and he talked of leading souls to God . . . and indeed he made me his own — talking of heaven.

“And there was one other thing: I'll not deny it; I'll not make myself better than I am;” and she laid her trembling hand on Sir Douglas's wrist. “He seemed to love me so. You know I've been so lone, and so used to see others preferred — and there was love all around me — till I could have cried for envy of Lady Ross. You loved her; and Kenneth would die for her; and even Mr. Boyd. Oh, *I* could see why it was impossible he could fancy poor me; and indeed Kenneth as good as said it, even if I had not seen it. But this one man loved *me* — this one man loved *me*; and thought nothing of Lady Ross in comparison.”

The wonderful vehemence with which the pale, slender creature pronounced the last two sentences! And then seemed to sink away into abject sadness and submission; and raised her strange watchful eyes to peer into Sir Douglas's averted countenance with wavering gleams in them such as go over the sea on a dull, stormy day as she resumed in a broken tone, “And now I must go, I know. You'll expect it of me, and *she'll* expect it, and they'll all look to it; and though I'll not know well where to go, and God knows if *he'll* send for me or let me know what's become of him, still I know I ought — and — and — I'll not ask for much time, and you'll be thinking I have my own independence from my mother; but — but — I've lent a good deal to Mr. Frere — and — if I could have a little time —”

Sir Douglas woke from some absorbed musing which had taken possession apparently of all his faculties, and said almost fiercely, “Alice, what are you talking of? Do you think I am made of such metal as to drive you forth, just as you are in most need of protection? Stay where you are — stay; but give me time to get over this.”

He rose as he spoke; leaning his clenched hand on the library table where they had been sitting; still looking down musingly, not seeing the objects there. Then he glanced upwards, doubtful whether to speak a word of better comfort, — to offer perhaps some soothing caress. But Alice was gone; softly gone through the half-

closed door, with cat-like gliding and gentleness; only just gone, for the long ends of the swan's-down boa she habitually crossed over her throat when about to traverse the cold stairs and corridors to her tower-room, were vanishing in the doorway, half creeping, half floating after her; looking as if they were a portion of her stealthy self.

Sir Douglas did not often — as the uneducated express it — “give way.” Passionate as he was by nature and temperament, he had a certain dignity which controlled in him the expression of all emotion. But when Alice was gone, he suddenly re-seated himself, and stretching his arms forward on the library table, he laid his head on them with a groan, and uttered a familiar name in a tone of startling agony. “Kenneth!” was all Sir Douglas said: but if Kenneth could have heard the tone in which his name was spoken, — the funereal *clang* of agony that went through the sound, — perhaps even to him, even to his most selfish nature, the sound might have conveyed a startling appeal.

CHAPTER XLVI.

LADY CHARLOTTE PERPLEXED.

BUT Kenneth was little troubled about other men's troubles. He was full of his own. That fire of thorns which he had chosen to light, the renewal of his passion for Gertrude, burnt with fierce and ceaseless heat: watched by Alice with sly and demure satisfaction, as sure to lead in some way (no matter how) to mischief and vexation for its object: watched with angry sneers by the Spanish she-grandee; who, though no longer herself in love with her husband, had that not uncommon spirit of jealousy which resents losing worship, with all its incense of small attentions, though careless of the worshipper: watched by Dowager Clochnaben, whenever her visits gave her fit opportunity, with grim scorn of Sir Douglas's blindness and his wife's abominable hypocrisy: watched even by poor little Lady Charlotte, in a sort of scared, frightened, questioning manner.

“He puts me so in mind, you know,” she rashly avowed to the Dowager, “of that pretty fable — no, not exactly fable, but heathen story, wasn't it; that dear Neil was reading out loud the other day after luncheon? — of a pagan; no, not a pagan, but a god of the pagans — Pluto it was, I remember, Pluto; and he came when she was quite innocently gathering poppies, and took

her away, whether she wished it or no: I forget the name of the goddess he took, but she did not want to go with him, he came upon her quite by surprise; and I happened to look up from my work at the time (I mean while Neil was reading about it) and dear Gertrude was embroidering a *portière* with crimson flowers and white on a green ground, and all her worsted scattered about — so pretty she looked, and Kenneth had his eyes fixed on her in such a way — in such a way — and his head bent forwards, resting it on his hand, and all his dark curly hair streaking through his fingers as he rested it; and he looked exactly like Pluto: and only that of course such things can't happen *now* (indeed it would be very wrong to suppose they ever *did* really happen; a parcel of wicked heathen inventions, that nobody ought to believe), but I could not help thinking for a moment, that he was just the sort of man to behave that way, and I declare my fingers quite trembled as I went on again with my crochet, fancying to myself Gertrude picking poppies, with no one perhaps but myself within call, and Pluto coming — I mean Kenneth — and carrying her off! Indeed, he's very like a great many of those gods Neil reads about, and they all seem to have been as bad as bad could be.”

“Humph!” said the Dowager, with a grim curl of her upper lip, shadowed now with a slight fringe of stiff grey hairs. “Humph. There may be heathen stories, and modern stories, too, of that sort; but there's very little carrying off against your will, if you really wish to keep firm footing, that's *my* dictum.”

And with that gesture of firmness habitual to her, she planted her foot venomously on one especial rose in the Aubusson carpet (in the absence of her winter resource, the steel fender) with a precision and force that did indeed seem to defy Pluto and his four fiery-nostrilled steeds to remove her, unless by her own consent, one inch from that spot. Which sudden stamp, acting on the already excited nerves of poor Lady Charlotte, caused her to burst into tears.

The grim Dowager turned her lofty head, as if on a pivot, to contemplate for a moment her weeping friend, and when the little weak final snuffle in the embroidered and lace-bordered handkerchief seemed to bring the tears to a conclusion, and secure her a hearing, she delivered herself of the comforting sentence, — “Most women are fools; but I do think, Charlotte, that you are the greatest fool among them all; and

the greater the fool, the greater the folly, that's my dictum."

"But what can I do!" whimpered the submissive Lady Charlotte — "what can I do!"

"Nothing."

"But that's just what I do do! I daren't speak to Gertrude; and besides I feel so sure of her."

A snort was the Clochnaben's sole reply to this last observation — a snort of utter contempt.

"And what I think so very unfair, is the way he stays here, you know."

"Who?"

"Kenneth. He really stays on and on, and comes back, and stays on, and on, and on again, when nobody asks him! Now he's here for God knows how long, for he has put Torrieburn under thorough repair, as he says, and is making a wall and plantation to separate it entirely from the old Mills, and talks of letting it, and I don't know what else. It is quite heart-breaking!"

"I suppose if Lady Ross wanted him away, she could get rid of him."

"I don't believe she could! I don't in the least believe she could," said Lady Charlotte, eagerly, "or he'd have been gone long ago!"

"Well, I suppose Sir Douglas could get rid of him," said the Dowager, with another curl of the grim grey moustache.

"Perhaps! but you see he don't, and you see its suits Eusebia to stay, if she's obliged to be in Scotland at all, which she hates."

"If she hates Scotland, she doesn't hate Scotchmen, at all events," nodded the Clochnaben, maliciously, and the grey moustache stretched to a sort of smile.

"What do you mean? Oh, I know what you mean; I'm not quite so foolish as you think; I've seen —"

"Yes, and you will see; but, however, it's no business of ours."

Saying which, with a triumphant shake of her vestments, and a somewhat forcible adjusting of her gloves at the wrists, the Dowager ended her visit, and left Lady Charlotte to sigh alone.

"Why she should think me more foolish than herself, I don't know," was the somewhat wounded reflection of that gentler widow, "for after all I have observed just as much as she has — all Eusebia's goings on, and everything else."

Little Eusebia cared, who remarked her goings on. Indeed, she was in that humour

which, in old-fashioned phrase, used to be termed "flouting;" — a mood of mixed sulk and defiance. She had fallen in once more with her half-forgotten admirer of early days, handsome Monzies of Craigievar, but their relative positions were a good deal altered. He was no longer the shy, proud Highland youth, with the first down of manhood on his lip, and the first passion for educated woman in his heart. Bearded, graceful, self-assured, having been a good deal flattered and caressed "even in London," liked by men, and much admired by women; with a sweet and courteous temper, and great power of adapting himself to whatever set he happened to be in; a first-rate shot, a first-rate reel-dancer, a first-rate curler, a first-rate angler, kind to his small scattered handful of tenantry; poor, and not a whit ashamed of the fact, — he had won his way to a good many hearts, both male and female.

He had his "melancholy story" too — a great thing with the softer sex. He had been married since the days he knew Eusebia; married for a year and a day, no more. Like the "Merry Bachelor" in Rückert's beautiful ballad, he had wept in anguish over two locks of hair: one a ringlet as long and glossy as ever was shorn from beauty's head, and one a little pinch of down, that might be hair or soft bird's plumage, that lay curled up in the long ringlet, as the little dead head had lain in the dead bosom of that "mother of a moment," after she had passed away.

Craigievar had been very gentle to his young wife, and very sorry for her loss. It was now five years since he had been widowed, and the elasticity of youth and life overbore each day more and more that cloud-dream of the past; but it had made him still more interesting. From a philosophical point of view it is of course lamentable to consider that had he been a stumpy, sallow, blear-eyed widower, his grief would not have gained so much sympathy; but as it was, when he looked sad (and he was still melancholy at times), the fair ladies who watched him, set it down to one sole cause. He might, it is true, be only bored at that particular parting, or extremely tired with "a good day's sport," or perhaps may have forgotten his cigarette; but they invariably decided that he was "thinking of his lost Mary," and it was quite amazing how many of her own sex were willing to console him.

CHAPTER XLVII.

LOVE TROUBLES.

HERE, then, once more was Craigievar! And here was Eusebia, a beauty beginning fast to fade and harden, and much too shrewd and clever, and dependent on that beauty for her enjoyment of life, not to be quite aware of the fact. Restless, discontented, disappointed, gnawing her own heart at times for very wrath at her marriage, in which, as she considered, there had been so much deception as to Kenneth's position and fortune; and in which, as *he* considered, there had been yet greater deception as to her age, and certain circumstances which had caused demands for her hand in marriage to be so little pressed as to leave her still free, when he chanced to come to Granada to recover health and spirits after his fever in Spain.

Craigievar at first saw Eusebia with more curiosity than interest, as a woman he remembered to have once passionately admired. Then each thought of the other with that strange fictitious emotion — emotion at least which has nothing personally to do with the object that causes it — which most of us feel at sudden meetings with those who *date our lives*. Eusebia saw with a sudden rush the lake, the decorated hut, the early married days when as yet, though vain and coquettish with all, she still preferred Kenneth; and Craigievar the days when, still a youth and a bachelor, he had not laid his fair white rose of a wife in the grave, with her cold little bud beside her.

He saw with obvious tenderness pale little Effie, Eusebia's only child. He too had dreamed he was a father, and woke next morning alone. He thought more of Effie at first than of her mother. Then he perceived how unhappy and angry was the woman he remembered an exultant bride with her husband madly "in love" with her, and all London at her feet; and something kindlier stole in on his thoughts of her. But why count the steps of the ladder by which such thoughts climb into mist seeking better sunshine? Older than Kenneth, much older than Craigievar, Eusebia added to all her experience of life special experience of *men*, and the old empire was resumed, and the old songs sung, and boats went out on the lake to the hut and returned without Kenneth; and Kenneth not only was not missed but purposely eluded!

He took it strangely; he was stung, but

not jealous. Perhaps in his wild mood he rather wished she would "run away" from him. He was sick of her, of debt, of life, of everything but the thoughts of Gertrude. He could not trouble his head about his Spanish wife. Strange to say, the very calm that surrounded Gertrude had a charm for him. That calm, the very essence of which was home, and peace and purity — that calm which, if it were within the bounds of possibility he should ever be listened to, must depart for ever!

Gertrude meanwhile struggled with a certain feeling of embarrassment in his presence. She cast about how, as Lady Clochnaben had expressed it, to "get rid of him" without dealing too harshly by a half-ruined man; she had become fully aware of, and alarmed by, the indiscretion (if it were nothing more) of Eusebia's conduct. Once — once only — tenderly and timidly, she had attempted to warn her. They had been such friends! She had been so fond of Eusebia!

They were in the dressing-room of the latter: who had come in late from the lake with Craigievar, and had been making a toilette more hurried than was her wont. She was clasping in one of her earrings while Gertrude spoke; she turned, still clasping it, with one of those sudden graceful movements, that tossed her veils and fringes round her like dark billows — a demon Venus rising from inky waves. Her beautiful flashing eyes fixed on the speaker full in the face; a scornful smile trembled on her short upper lip, and showed the still white and even teeth beneath: her cheeks alone looked a little haggard and fallen under the crimson rouge. She laughed.

"Ha! *you take my husband!* you want now perhaps to take my *adornateur*, my *amigo!* Be content with your portion! Do not trouble me. I have already enough sore in my heart."

And as the long pendant clasped with a snap, she made another rapid volte-face to her mirror, and ceased to speak, contemplating fixedly her own image, with something of sadness mixed with her fierceness that gradually vanished, and left her looking — as she intended to look when they should go down-stairs to dinner.

Gertrude almost shuddered as she took Kenneth's arm that day to pass to that familiar meal, and started more than once when addressed by others. She was ruminating how "to get rid of him." And how also to get rid of — Eusebia, and the fearful future that seemed to threaten for both!

That night Kenneth wrote to Gertrude, — as wild a letter as ever was written by an unprincipled man to a woman he was enamoured of. To say the woman he “loved” would be to profane the word.

And Gertrude answered him. She aluded boldly and clearly to all the past. She inclosed a copy of the little note of farewell which Lorimer Boyd had taken to him when it was agreed he should leave Naples. She spoke of the faith sworn to her husband at the altar; and even if such vows had never existed, of her unalterable, passionate, adoring love for his uncle. In conclusion came a prayer to halt and consider, to save himself and Eusebia from certain misery; and the information that she intended to go to Edinburgh the following day, and remain there a night, hoping he would see the decency, the necessity of withdrawing from Glenrossie before her return, no longer mocking the hospitality he received, or paining her by his presence.

Otherwise the day must come — *must* come when she should confess this torment to her husband, to her Douglas faithful and true, and cast herself on his counsel only, having done her best through grief and pain to avoid making any breach between him and his uncle, and finding all in vain.

She could not trust such a letter to indifferent hands. She gave it to him as they passed from the breakfast-room. The carriage was already waiting to take her away. As Sir Douglas handed her in, he said with wistful anxiety, “I am afraid your chief business in Edinburgh is to see Doctor R. — You have been looking so ill lately.”

Gertrude wrung the tender hand she held, and tried to smile her farewell. Her boy Neil stood beside her husband, his father’s hand on his sturdy shoulder, smiling with radiant young eyes in the morning sun.

“God bless them both, and send me peace with them once more,” was Gertrude’s prayer, as she leaned back wearily in the carriage, the long fir-branches from time to time sweeping against its roof, and dropping a stray cone here and there by the road that led through the noble avenue.

Glenrossie! dear Glenrossie! dear home and perfect mate! Dear, handsome boy, so like her one love of life — her unequalled Douglas! God bless them, and send her peace. Amen.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

ALICE MAKES SOME DISCOVERIES.

WHAT were Alice’s green-grey eyes made for, if not to watch? Does not the cat sit apparently watching for ever? — watching for what we know not. Even where there is no chance of mousing, in the broad day, do we not see her with fixed attention in her half-closed, diamond-shaped orbits, scanning things afar off, near at hand, above and below, ready to pounce on a leaf that flutters down from a tree, a ball of worsted that rolls from old nurse’s lap, the tail of a boy’s broken kite, or a young bird fallen from the nest in too easy essay of its callow wings: ready to pounce, ever on the watch? So also was Alice.

All had their plans for that day. Kenneth had hoped — had meant — to see Gertrude. Sir Douglas had made up his mind to speak to his nephew, and urge him to return to Spain. Eusebia intended to spend the day at the Hut (not unaccompanied); and Alice herself was preparing a little basket of provisions for a blind and dying beggar lodged in a cabin between Glenrossie and Clochnaben, recommended to her by the clergyman who had been called to administer the offices of religion and what help he could afford.

But Alice had an instinct that something had occurred more than common. She had seen Kenneth give his letter after dinner; she saw Gertrude give the reply after breakfast. While Gertrude was departing, she saw Kenneth step out on the terrace from the breakfast-room, and turn towards the shrubbery, reading as he went. She saw him stop — tear the letter with his teeth, stamp it into the earth, and give way to the wildest gesticulations. She saw Sir Douglas return from putting Gertrude into the carriage, and cross the lawn as if to speak to Kenneth. She saw the latter advance to meet him casting one hurried look behind where he had crushed the letter with his foot. Swiftly, noiselessly, she descended also to the garden. She was in time to hear Sir Douglas say, “Kenneth, I wish to speak with you;” and to hear the latter reply, “Not now, I can’t; I am going down to Torrieburn: meet me there; I *must* be there by noon.” She was in time, though Kenneth turned quickly after he had seen Sir Douglas re-enter the house, to scramble together the torn papers he had ground down with his heel, and one fluttering bit that was rustling along the hedge of holly, and beat a rapid retreat with that

treasure-trove in her hand. She saw Kenneth return to the spot, search, look up as though he thought the wind might have carried the fragments away, pick off the holly-hedge just such another morsel as that she held, and tear into smaller pieces, which he scattered on the air, and then, pale and moody, turn to the house. She locked herself into her turret-chamber and read with greedy eyes that seemed to eat the very words. She looked from that high window, and saw both Kenneth and Sir Douglas, at different intervals, take the direction of Torrieburn, and little sturdy Neil go forth with his own dog and gun, and the careful old keeper.

Glenrossie was empty of its inhabitants. She too could go out: could go and see the blind and dying man. Yes, but first she would see — would ascertain — would pay a little visit of inspection nearer home.

She was going to Gertrude's bright morning-room.

It was very bright and still. There was no chance of interruption. Gertrude's maid had accompanied her lady; so had Lady Charlotte; but even had there been such a chance, Alice would have easily found some plausible excuse. Was she not working the corresponding *portière* to that which suggested such visions of Pluto's bad conduct to Gertrude's mother?

With gleaming, half-shut eyes, she scanned all the objects round, and rested them at last on a little French *escritoire*, set with *plaques* of old Sèvres china. It was locked — but what was that to Alice? She had a great variety of keys; and French *escritaires* are not protected by either Chubb's or Bramah's. Nor was she trying this lock for the first time — though beyond reading Lorimer's account of Mr. Frere, she had never hitherto found anything to reward her trouble in opening it. Now she felt sure she would be more fortunate. And the event proved the correctness of her expectations. The papers had been somewhat hastily thrust back the night before and peeping out from the half-doubled blotting-book, as though absolutely offering itself for inspection, was the insolent, wild, loving letter of Kenneth's, and the rough copy (if rough copy that can be called which had so few verbal corrections, and so completely conveyed the sentiments of the writer) of the torn and gravel-stained answer, with which his blind rage had dealt so hardly in the garden.

Alice nearly danced for joy! She laid the paper flat, compared it with the other, and gave little strange, triumphant pats to

its outspread surface. Then she sat long, in mute, half-frowning, half-scanning consideration; and then she jumped up with a suddenness that Eusebia herself could scarcely have rivalled, and crushed all the paper together in her hands with a wild laugh. Then once more she smoothed them out, rolled them neatly together, shut the *escritoire*, made a mocking curtsy to the empty chair in which Gertrude habitually sat; said aloud, in a mocking voice "Adieu, milady!" and left the morning-room once more to its bright silence unbroken to-day, even by the boom of the bee, or the outside twitter of the birds; the windows being all closed, and everything marking the absence of that sweet mistress whose happiest hours were passed there.

Then Alice went forth on her mission of charity, and visited the dying beggar. Her visit was prolonged till the day began to wane, for death at times seemed very near. When the clergyman arrived, Alice was still there, and the man had rallied. He spoke feebly of trying to reach his native village, and of dying there. Alice rose and prepared to leave him. "I will come again if I can to-morrow," she said, in her quiet one; and looking up in the clergyman's face, as she rolled some papers together, "I have been reading him something I copied," she said, "I thank you for sending to me about him."

With those words, and a little gentle bow, and tranquil shake of the hand to the minister, she departed, leaving that good old successor of Mr. Heaton gazing after her slender figure with unmixed approbation of her conduct.

"But, indeed, it's not to be marvelled at, in a sister of gude Sir Douglas," was his half-uttered sentence, as he turned back into the dim cabin, and sat down by the box-bed, in the groping depths of which lay the sick man.

The little light that entered from the open door gleamed rather on the framework of the bed, than on the bed itself; except on the outer edge, where, white and blanched, on the ragged, green tartan quilt, lay the helpless and attenuated hand of the sufferer.

The good minister lifted that hand with some kindly, encouraging word; as he did so, he remarked a deep indented scar beyond the knuckles. "Ye'll have been hurt there, some time, *puir bodie*," he observed, compassionately.

The sick man moaned, and answered faintly, "We'll no murmur at trouble the Lord sends. I was chased in Edinburgh by some laddies, and when I was nigh fallin', I

caught by a railing, and the spike just wan' into me! It was a sair hurt; but I've had mony blessins, tho' I'm cauld now to my very marrow."

And so saying, the blind man slowly and tremblingly drew in his hand, under the dark tartan coverlid, and lay still and apparently exhausted.

CAPTER XLIX.

A SCENE WITH KENNETH.

SIR DOUGLAS had made up his mind after long reveries, that Kenneth should leave Glenrossie. Gertrude had not spoken to him on the subject. He dared scarcely argue the matter openly to his own soul, far less to her, but he was not the less resolved.

They met then at Torrieburn. Kenneth had shot some birds on his way, and was carrying his gun with a listless, gloomy brow, as if there were no pleasure left in that or anything else for him. He had also obviously taken repeated draughts from the flask of whisky, he carried at his belt; and the dull glare which Sir Douglas loathed to see in his eyes was already perceptible there, though it was a little past noon.

They sat down on some felled timber, and Sir Douglas went straight to his point.

"Kenneth," he said, "I have resolved to speak to you about leaving Glenrossie. A great deal has come to my knowledge since first you and Eusebia made your home with us, which, had I known it at first would perhaps have prevented my ever proposing to you to come."

Kenneth drew a long draught from the whisky-flask, and, in a thick angry voice, he muttered, "Has Gertrude — has your wife — been complaining of me to you?"

"No, she has always taken your part — always endeavored to explain away or conceal differences between you and Eusebia, as well as those events which — which perhaps — and here Sir Douglas hesitated, "which, most assuredly, I had better have known at the time they took place."

Again Kenneth had recourse to the flask, and said, with a bitter laugh, "It was not I, at least, who kept you in ignorance of them."

Sir Douglas felt the blood flush to his temples; he strove to be calm.

"No, Kenneth; it was not you. I cannot doubt, however, that they were kept from me for a good motive. We cannot undo the past; what I have to think of is the future.

It is repugnant to me to live with you on other terms than those of the most loving cordiality and freedom from restraint. That cordiality — that free affection" — Sir Douglas's voice broke a little — "cannot exist as it did — It may return, Kenneth — God grant it may! — but feeling as I do, and knowing what I do, there is change enough to make me wish for a further change, and that is" —

"Pray go on, my dear uncle, go on, old fellow! Don't mind me!"

Kenneth was rapidly becoming more and more intoxicated.

"That change is that we shall part, Kenneth, at all events for the present. I have loved you, in spite of all your faults; I will endeavour to assist you to the last, in spite of all your imprudences; but I will not live with you in the same home, because" —

"D—n it, speak out, and say you want to part me and Gertrude, and have done with it. Afraid of me, eh? A little late in the day, uncle, a little late" —

A drunken, hollow laugh followed this speech.

Sir Douglas rose, trembling with suppressed passion.

"Kenneth," he said, "do not break all the links that bind us together. However confused habitual excess may make your intellect, however little place love, and — I will not call it gratitude — love and memory of what we have been to each other may hold in your heart, respect the purity of others! Respect the spotless name of my wife. Better men than you have loved in vain, and borne it, and stood faithfully by a second choice. Parted!" continued he, almost as vehemently as Kenneth himself; "you were parted before we ever were united; Parted, boy! Gertrude and I are one soul, and you part now with us both, till — if ever the day come in your perverse heart — you can reason and repent."

So sternly — in all their many discussions — had loving Sir Douglas never spoken to his nephew before. Never to that spoiled and indulged idol!

It maddened Kenneth. What little reasoning power increasing irritation and increasing intoxication had left him, seemed to forsake his brain in a flash of hot lightning. He looked up, cowering and yet frenzied, from the felled tree where he sat, to the stately form with folded arms and indignant commanding countenance above him. He leaned one arm on the lopped branch to steady himself, and answered, swaying from side to side, speaking thickly, hurriedly, with an idiot's laugh and an

idiot's fierceness. "Pure," he said, "pure! Oh yes, pure and spotless; they are all pure and spotless till they're found out! I loved in vain, did I? Talk of *my* vanity: what is my vanity to yours, you old coxcomb? Parted! You *can't* part us. I told you at Naples, and I tell you now, that she loved me — me — ME! and nothing but fear holds her to you. I'll stay here, if it's only to breathe the same air. Parted! Part from her yourself — tyrant and traitor! Part from her for ever, and be sure if I don't marry your widow, no other man shall!

He staggered suddenly to his feet, levelled his gun full at Sir Douglas as he stood, and fired.

In the very act he stumbled, and fell on one knee; the charge went low and slanted: part of it struck Sir Douglas on the left hand, and drew blood.

The shock seemed to sober Kenneth for a moment. A gloomy sort of horror spread over his face. Then the idiot laugh returned.

"I haven't, haven't killed you. You're winged though, winged! Stand back! Don't tempt me," added he, with returning ferocity.

Sir Douglas lifted the gun and flung it out of reach: then he spoke, binding his handkerchief round his hand.

"You have not killed me. Go home, and thank God for that. You have not made my son suddenly an orphan — as you were when first I took you to my heart. Oh! my boy, my Kenneth! what demon spell is on your life? Pray to God! PRAY!" and with the last broken words, a bitter cry, ending almost in an agonised sob, went up to heaven, and resounded in the dull ear of the drunken man. Many a day afterwards, and many a night in dreams, Kenneth saw that pale, sorrowful, commanding face, and the stately form erect over his grovelling drunkenness, as he held by the branch of the felled pine, vainly trying to steady himself and rise from the half-kneeling, half-leaning posture into which he had fallen. Many a lonely day in the sough of the wind in those Scottish woods, he heard again the echo of that "exceeding bitter cry," wrung from the anguish of a noble soul, and making vain appeal to his better nature.

God gives us moments in our lives when all might change. If he could have repented then! If he could have repented!

Many a day he thought of it when Sir Douglas was no longer there, and he could see his face no more.

There was a dreary pause after that burst of anguish, and then Sir Douglas spoke again.

"Come no more to Glenrossie. Stay where you are. Eusebia shall join you. When I can think further of this day, and more calmly, you shall hear from me. Farewell Kenneth!

The stately vision seemed to hold its hand out in token of amicable parting, as Kenneth raised his bloodshot, stupefied eyes. He did not take the hand; it seemed too far off, reaching from some better world. He crouched down again, laying his head prone with hidden face on the rough resinous bark of the lopped tree. Something for a moment pressed gently on the tangled curls of his burning head, and passed away and left only the breath of heaven waving through them; and as it passed, a sound, as of a heavy human sigh, melted also on his ear.

A fancy haunted Kenneth that the hand of Sir Douglas had laid for that moment on his head, as it had laid many a day in his boyhood and youth, and that the sigh was his also. But these might be but dreams.

All that was real, was the utter loneliness, — when, after a long drunken slumber, he woke and saw the sun declining, and heard the distant music of Torrieburn Falls, monotonously sweet — and the clear song of the wooing thrush, — and looked languidly towards the house of Torrieburn, with its half-hidden gables, gleaming through the trees; and the words came back to him clearly and distinctly, "Come no more to Glenrossie. Stay where you are. Eusebia shall join you. Farewell, Kenneth?"

Was it all a black dream? A black, drunken, delirious dream?

No.

Somehow, suddenly Kenneth thought of his mother. For a man knows, if no one else on earth pities him, his MOTHER pities still!

The drunken head bowed once more over the fallen tree, and half-murmured the word, "Poor Maggie!" What easy showers of kisses and tears would have answered, if she had known it! But Maggie was away, — "ayont the hills," — swelling with her own share of sorrowful indignation at Kenneth's conduct, and trying vainly to reconcile the old miller and his rheumatic wife to their new abode.

"Cauld and strange!" "Cauld and strange!" was all that rewarded her efforts.

CHAPTER L.

ALICE IMPARTS HER DISCOVERIES.

THE next day was the Sabbath. Peace shone from the clear autumn sky, and glorified the common things of earth. Birds sang, flowers opened wide, streamlets and falls seemed to dance, as they rippled and rolled in the light. The freshness of the morning was over the cultured fields; the freshness of the morning was over the barren moor; the freshness of the morning sparkled in the dewy glen. Neil had promised his old nurse to "step into her sheiling," his mother being absent, and go with her to church; for which the old woman was already pinning on her snowy cap, and best shawl, and smiling, not at herself, but at a vision of Niel, in her glass.

Alice asked sadly and demurely, and very anxiously, if she might walk with her half-brother, and if he would mind setting out half an hour "too soon," as she had something very particular to say to him. Sir Douglas consented. They walked in utter silence great part of the way, as far as the "broomy knowe," where Alice had first talked with him of "kith-and-kin love." There they halted, and there they sat down, there she reminded him of that day! There—in a sort of frightened, subdued whispering voice—Alice said, "I know well that since that day I myself have forfeited much of my claim to brother's love, though it seems to me even now that I love you better than all—ay, even better than *my dream* of wedded love! But whether I have forfeited or not, I feel cannot bear others should deceive you; and I've brought to this place what must be shown, though it wring my heart in the showing, and yours in the reading. It's all I can do, in return for your mercy and indulgence to me. All I can do in return is to prevent your being deceived by others! God knows what we are all made of! I've not had an hour's peace since I picked this up. Kenneth trampled it under foot just as you went to speak with him yesterday morning; and I was out gathering flowers; and then I thought it looked so unseemly in the garden-ground; and then as I gathered it up I saw—I could not help seeing—some strange words; and at last—at last—oh! Douglas, do not have any anger with me!—nor much with her; for it's my belief there is witchcraft round her, and none can help loving her that sees her."

Sir Douglas looked strangely into Alice's eyes as she handed him the gravel-soiled, earth-stained papers. It was Gertrude's

writing; of that there could be no doubt And what was not Gertrude's was Kenneth's.

Oh, God of mercy, what was to come to-day, after that yesterday of pain?

Sir Douglas lifted his bonnet from his brow and looked up to the serene heaven before him. "Thy will be done. THY will be done," said the trembling human lips. And hard was the struggle to echo the words in the shuddering human heart.

Much has been said and written of the tortures of the Inquisition, and the cruelty of those who look on and yet not show mercy. But what are physical tortures to tortures of the mind? What "grand Inquisitor" ever looked on with more stony indifference to unendurable suffering than Alice Ross as she watched the flush of colour rise to cheek and temple—fade to ghastly paleness—and big drops stand on the marble brow; while the breath of life seemed to pant and quicken as if suffocation would follow.

Even she started at the long moan which burst from that over-charged bosom, as her half-brother closed his eyes and leaned back on the bank.

He had read it all. ALL.

Not in vain had Alice Ross paid her long visit to the blind beggar with the indented scar on his thin right hand. Not for the first time—no nor for the hundredth—was that hand exercising its unequalled skill at imitation and forgery; nor that apt and tortuous brain devising schemes of ruin or vengeance on those who had offended.

The passionately torn letter, gravel-stained and soiled, had apparently its corresponding half, also gravel-stained and soiled (and carefully had Alice's light heel and clever hand sought the very spot where Kenneth's mad passion had ground it into the earth in the morning.) But the half that corresponded in form, altered the whole sense of the letter. The sentences referring to her love for Sir Douglas were apparently addressed to Kenneth. Her notice that she would be in Edinburgh read like an appointment to him to meet her there. Her allusions to the necessity—"if all this torment continued"—of confession to her husband, barely escaped the sense that she had to make confession of a return of his unlawful passion. The letter only stopped short at a clear implication of sin. Perhaps even the two bold accomplices employed in its concoction felt that on *that* hinge the door of possible credence would cease to open. All was left in doubt and mystery. Except that to that bold avowal of guilty love an answer

had been secretly delivered, conveying all the encouragement it was possible to give: referring to the old day of Naples; to the little note of adieu, telling him they were parting "for a time, not for ever," that it was better for him, for her, for *all*."

The passage that hoped he "would see the decency, the necessity, of withdrawing from Glenrossie," was a little fragment wanting in the torn sheet.

No one could read the letter and still think Gertrude a true and holy-hearted wife; though those who choose to give her "the benefit of the doubt," might believe sin only imminent, not yet accomplished.

The part that was forged was not more stained or spoiled than the portion which was no forgery. Every word fitted naturally in every sentence. If ever human being held what looked like proof incontrovertible leading to miserable conviction, Sir Douglas held it that day, as he sat on the wild, fair hill with all the peace and beauty of nature spread around him.

He rose at length, and held his right hand out to Alice; his left was bandaged and in pain. She put her slender fingers forward to meet his touch, and felt the icy dampness that speaks of faintness at the heart. He cleared his throat twice before speaking, and then said with an effort: "I believe you have done right. Be satisfied that you have done right: it was a *duty* not to let me remain in ignorance."

Then he stood still and looked wistfully out on the lovely scenery, the lake below, the hills above, the grim rocks of Clochnaben, the valley where smiled Glenrossie, the speck of white light that denoted where lay the Hut, with a still tinier spark of scarlet reflected from the flag, set up on the days they meant to visit it.

"Fair no more! pleasant never, never again!" he murmured to himself, as he gazed; then he turned slowly to Alice.

"We must go on to church. Say nothing of all this to any fellow-creature. Be as usual; I shall, I trust, be as usual. This is the battle of LIFE."

At the gate of the churchyard were the usual groups of men, women, and children uncovered, greeting with smiles and respectful curtsies their beloved chieftain and landlord. In general he had a kind word or sentence for each and all. He tried twice, but his voice faltered, for they inquired in return after "her Leddyship at the Castle," and the answer choked in his throat.

His boy Neil turned into the gate, holding the old nurse by the hand, and carry-

ing her huge brown leather psalm book, wrapped in a clean white cotton pocket-handkerchief. Neil gave it gently into her withered grasp, with a kindly pat on her shoulder, and turned to accompany his father to their usual seat. Sir Douglas passed onwards as in a dream, his face was very pale.

"Papa's hand, that he hurt yesterday, seems to pain him very much," Neil whispered to Alice. She nodded demurely without speaking. It was not right to speak in church. Neil ought to know that.

Sir Douglas sat very pale, still, and stately by the side of his handsome little son, and many a kindly glance wandered to the pew when the boy's full, sweet, and strong voice rose to join the psalmody. The young laird was the idol of Sir Douglas's tenantry. "He was just what auld Sir Douglas himsel' had bin; a thoct stouter, may be, but just the varry moral o' him."

So the service went on, till all of a sudden Sir Douglas gave a deep audible groan. They were reading the first chapter of the Gospel of St. Matthew, and had come to the nineteenth verse:—"Then Joseph, her husband, being a just man, and not willing to make her a public example, was minded to put her away privily."

Young Neil started at the groan, and clasping his father's hand in his own, looked anxiously up in his face, and half rose from his seat, as though expecting him to leave the church from illness. But Sir Douglas sat still, his eyes steadily fixed on the minister.

It is strange that women who have been falsely accused, never think of drawing consolation from the fact that the holiest of all women whose lives are recorded, the one woman who was permitted to be as it were the link between earth and heaven, according to the transmitted history of the Christian religion, had to endure her share of earthly shame. Nor only that, but that a lesson as to the fallibility of all human judgment lies wrapped in the written account of the conduct of her husband Joseph. He was a "just" man. A good man, merciful, affectionate, anxious to do that which was right in the sight of God; anxious to bear himself fitly and with all indulgence to his neighbor. But his human mercy extended only to "putting her away privily." He would not put her to public shame, though his own trust was broken. That was the sum of all, till the angelic vision made all clear.

As Sir Douglas listened, he also leaned to the side of that incomparable merey which would spare shame. He knelt a little longer in final prayer than usual, before he passed out into the sunshine and greeted the assembled groups with a degree less of abstraction, still holding Neil by the hand.

Arrived at Glenrossie, he shut himself up in the library and wrote.

His letter was not long. It was addressed to Gertrude, and enclosed the gravel-stained papers which Alice had given him. He wrote the address and sealed it, with a firm unshrinking hand; but long he sat and gazed at it after it was written, as if in a painful trance; and when he rose from the table where he had been writing, he felt as though threatened with paralysis, and stood a moment holding by the brass-bound table, fearing he might fall.

Then he passed to his own dressing-room, and sent for Neil.

"Neil, my boy," he said, "I am going to London; I am in great pain." He paused, unable to proceed.

"My dearest father! yes; I can see you are in pain. You will have some surgeon? How did you do it? how *could* you get hurt?" And the innocent boy stooped with his eyes full of tears, and kissed, with

a tender little kiss, the bandage over the wounded hand.

"I may be away more days than you expect, dear Neil. You will do all as if I were here — lessons: conduct: care in shooting: all — won't you?"

"I will, father; I will. Trust me, father, You can trust me, can't you?" and the boy smiled, with his sweet candid eyes fixed full upon his father's face.

"Yes — yes! Oh God! let me trust you, my son, if I never again trust any other human being!"

And to the consternation of Neil, Sir Douglas flung his arms round his son's neck and sobbed like a child. In the morning, while dawn was yet breaking and Neil lay yet wrapped in happy boyish slumbers, rapid wheels once more sounded softly along the great fir-avenue; the caressing feathery branches that had bent over Gertrude's departure the previous day, brushed over the roof of the carriage that now bore her husband from home. The squirrel leaped and scampered up the brown stems, and the scattering cones fell to the earth, and lay on the dewy grass in silence.

Great was the silence in Glenrossie that day: the master had departed.

The following are the results, says the *Mechanics' Magazine*, of the trials of various American breech-loading rifles as reported by the military commissioner appointed to examine them. The Robers breech-loader fired 84 balls in six minutes, an average of 14 in one minute, all striking inside the target, and penetrating 15 one-inch planks laid side by side. The Sharpe's rifle fired 100 balls in less than seven minutes, and penetrated the thirteenth plank. The Millbank rim-fire gun fired 99 balls in six minutes and a half, and penetrated the eleventh plank. The Lonsom gun fired 12 balls in one minute. Ball's carbine expelled 75 balls in nine minutes and a half. The Prussian needle gun, which was tested in the same way as the others, fired an average of six to seven balls a minute, and penetrated the eleventh plank. The Remington breech-loader fired 100 balls in 6 minutes and 53 seconds, and penetrated the eleventh plank.

CHEAP BEEF. — The Food Committee of the Society of Arts has done good service, observes the *Daily News*, by calling attention to a new importation of boiled beef from Australia. Messrs. McCall, of 137, Houndsditch, have on sale a first consignment of 60,000 lbs. of Australian beef, and have made arrangements for taking a similar quantity every month. The meat is the best Australian beef, not salted, but carefully stewed and packed in

tins hermetically sealed. It has none of the common objectionable appearances or flavours of preserved meat; and, being ready cooked, is exceedingly cheap at the retail price of 7d. the pound without bone. This is not more than 6d. a pound with bone; and if it be true that one company alone in Australia could send us annually the beef of 10,000 fat oxen at this price, some of us may yet live to see beef coming down in price in the general markets of this country.

PAY OF MAGAZINE WRITERS. — The *Springfield Republican*, in its literary gossip, tells us: — "The *Atlantic* pays generally five dollars per page for prose, though some writers receive much more than this. Edmund Kirke got one hundred dollars for his 'Chicago Conspiracy.' The market value of poetry seems to vary a good deal. One poet says, that for some of his best productions he has received from the *Atlantic* only five dollars, while, for far poorer ones, ten dollars have been awarded him. Those who have had experience in bargaining at this establishment, for the sale of literary wares, opine that the price paid therefor, depends a good deal upon the mood of the editor-in-chief; if he is in good humour, the seller is liberally compensated; otherwise, not. Harper's rates are about the same, five dollars per page for prose."

PART II.

The next morning Ursula and I had a long talk together about Monsieur Jacques. She told me that she had known him ever since she was sixteen years old, and that he was established in Florence when she and her father were living there; and then she said, in a sort of natural way which went to my heart, —

"He had nobody, and I had nobody, and so we drew together."

"But Colonel Hamilton was with you then, wasn't he?" said I.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "but papa never cared at all about the things I cared for, and then I usedn't to see much of him — I never was much with him — but I loved him dearly for all that," — and her eyes filled with tears. "At first I was too young to go into the world, and then Jacques used often to come and spend the evening with me because it was so lonely when papa was away dining out or at the theatre."

"And used you to be left quite entirely alone?" said I. "Had you no woman in the house to look after you?"

"Oh, I had the Meneghina, our old Italian maid," she replied. "She generally used to bring in her work and sit with us. When I was eighteen, I thought that, perhaps, papa would then take me out with him, but I think he liked best going out by himself; it left him so much more free and independent. I suppose that was the reason why he never introduced me to any of his friends, or took me to the houses of the people that he knew."

"Then did you never go out at all?" said I.

"Oh, yes, I went out a little, but into quite a different set from papa's. I went to Giambattista's parties — Giambattista Giacomelli was my singing master. Such a dear old fellow! and he had delightful musical parties every Sunday, to which papa allowed me to go."

"Well," said I, "but did you go to these parties alone?"

"No," she answered. "Our landlady, the Del Nero, went to them, and I went with her. She lived in the floor above us, and I used often to go up there of an evening when papa went out and they were at home. It was there that I first met Jacques. The Del Nero used to play splendidly on the piano, and he used to accompany her on the violin. She, too, had musical evenings which were charming; the society was entirely Italian, composed of doctors, lawyers,

artists and literary men — all clever and well educated. This is the only really well-educated society in Florence; the fashionable people are of an unbelievable ignorance. The Del Nero's husband was an *avvocato*. I don't think I saw any English faces, except those of papa and one or two of his men friends, in all the years that I lived in Florence. I was fourteen when I went there, and I am twenty-four now; that makes ten whole years, doesn't it?"

Her account of her life sounded very strange and desolate. Her father seemed to have taken such little care of her, that I felt really shy of asking her many questions. Later, the outline was filled up for me by Monsieur Jacques, who told me that Colonel Hamilton was a perfect monster of selfishness — altogether the most heartless man that he had ever met with. Instead of taking the least pleasure or interest in his child, he was, on the contrary, in despair at having a daughter of that age, and kept her entirely in the background. He used to go about in all the bad fashionable society of Florence, got up in the most youthful style and lavishing every luxury upon himself, while poor Ursula had hardly decent clothes to her back. More than once, the good Del Nero had given her a gown, without which she would have been unable to accompany her even into the modest Italian circle to which they belonged; and in spite of all this, Monsieur Jacques told me that she had perfectly doted upon her father while he lived, and had nearly died of his death. It seems that he had retained his handsome looks and charm of manner to the last, and although he was as hard as a stone, always contrived to be good-tempered and pleasant at home.

Certainly nothing could be much more strange than the state of things between Ursula and her friend. At first I supposed it must be foreign; — it was, however, evidently not so much foreign as individual, for it excited far greater indignation in Madame Olympe's mind than it did in mine. I had certainly never seen any manners in the slightest degree resembling theirs; but after the movement of surprise which they created in me at first, I soon got accustomed to them, and the whole relation had a side so touching and pretty, that, notwithstanding its somewhat unusual manifestations, I began by accepting, and ended by sympathizing with it. Ursula's strength and decision were like health to the little morbid mortal who looked up to her as morally far superior to herself, and his devotion and knowledge of the world

were everything to so young a woman, whose impulsiveness, combined with her extreme simplicity of character, tended to put her greatly in the power of designing people. In spite of the weakness of his nature, the singleness of his desire after her welfare invested him in some sort with the authority of a father or a brother.

The change of air and of surroundings had already done me so much good, that on the Wednesday morning I was actually able to take a little walk with Margery before breakfast. The park is not very large, but there are charming walks all round it: not shrubbery, but regular woodland paths; it being, in point of fact, simply a bit of the forest enclosed. The weather was quite heavenly, and the purity and elasticity of the air something enchanting; one felt all the time as if one were drinking vivifying draughts of some electric water. The soil is sandy, drying directly after the heaviest rain, and the air is of the light, exhilarating quality which always goes with that particular kind of soil. Poor Margery asked me anxiously when I meant to go home, and was greatly relieved when she found that I did not mean to exceed the limit I had originally fixed to my visit. She was comfortable enough, she said, but they were an unsociable set, and did not live in the least like English servants. At about eight in the morning every one went down, took a little bowl from a shelf on the wall, got it filled with *café au lait*, and drank it with a little bit of bread-and-butter, standing. There was nothing like a breakfast-table, and nobody thought of sitting down. They then all dispersed, and did not meet again until after our *déjeuner à la fourchette* at about twelve, when they had their second breakfast. This was devoured in all haste, after which they again separated. There was nothing like a servants'-hall, as in our great houses, and no assembling in the kitchen as in our small ones. The men-servants remained by themselves, and the women sat entirely in their own rooms. Excellent rooms they were, Margery told me; large, airy, with every comfort, and a look of prettiness and elegance that was quite unknown with us. Supper, which took place after our late dinner, brought them together again, but only for the purpose of eating — which ceremony, like the previous one, was got over as speedily as possible.

At breakfast we had Monsieur le Curé, from Marny — a stalwart, weather-beaten-looking man, with a demure, rather sly, but not bad countenance. He sat between

Madame Olympe and myself, and was putting her *au courant* of the affairs of the village. They did not appear to be in a very flourishing condition, as far as morality was concerned, for he continually began accounts of proceedings which, after the three first suggestive words, had to be imparted in a whisper, to the great annoyance of poor Madame Olympe, who nevertheless could not help laughing at the absurdity of the thing. The curé would begin: — “Madame la Comtesse has doubtless heard about Thérèse Pichon? Is she aware that only three nights ago . . . ?” and then a long whisper. I endeavoured immediately to begin a little subject with Monsieur Kiowski; but I saw, by his absence of all rejoinder, and the frightful vacancy of the eye he riveted upon me, that he was straining every nerve to catch the luckless Thérèse's little adventure. A minute afterwards it would be, with great gravity, “Has Madame la Comtesse been told that Auguste Leroy is going to leave the village? It appears that on Wednesday last, one of the keepers going his rounds in the forest at midnight, found him . . .” Then another whisper, and at the end, “His brother says that after that he will keep him no more. *Dame!* It is the third time that it happens!” At last there came a story, in which “la Malheureuse” played a great part, and was repeated with strong reprobatory emphasis. This story was a very long one, and presently reached such an appalling crisis that even poor Madame Olympe, who was, as one may say, “to the manner born,” could stand it no longer, but calling out, “The boat! the boat!” hastily jumped up from table, and ran to the window.

“The boat! where's the boat! let me see the boat!” cried Monsieur Kiowski, throwing himself impetuously into the spirit of the thing, and nearly overturning the table in the wild excitement with which he tore to the window. It was only the boat which comes down the river every morning regularly. To-day it appeared in the very nick of time, and deserved extra notice: but I observed that whenever it appeared it always created a slight agitation. I suppose that the general monotony of their lives ended with making little events become important in their eyes. When it had passed out of sight they returned to the table.

I do not think that in the whole course of my life I ever beheld any human creature devour as Monsieur le Curé did: he ate largely of soup, of both the hot dishes and of the three cold ones, besides the salad and

other vegetables — which, although always handed round separately (and not, as we do in England, taken as an accompaniment to the meat), appeared to be thrown in as it were, and quite to go for nothing. He then, in addition to his wine-and-water, had a tremendous jorum of *café au lait*, and topped it all up with two gigantic tumblers of ale, and the fatal pastry-cake and honey that I have before alluded to. His face, always scarlet, had become gradually purple under this trying process, and I expected every minute that he would have some dreadful seizure or other. Madame Olympe told me that it was almost as if he laid in his week's provision of good substantial food, when he came up to breakfast at the château; that he was miserably poor, and a most excellent creature, half-starving himself in order to be able to give, out of his wretched pittance, some assistance to his still needier neighbours. The curé is an entirely different being from our country clergyman: very hard-working and exemplary, but in quite a different way, and altogether simpler and more homely. It is not at all an uncommon thing abroad to see the curé thinking nothing whatever of assisting in manual labour, but working in the field with his neighbours, and helping them to get in their hay. In one respect, a good sense is shown in Catholic countries, which might be imitated in the Church of England with infinite advantage: their clergymen are by no means necessarily preachers. The functions are divided: he who has the gift of an eloquent tongue, speaks to the souls of his parishioners through their ears, and he who has it not, labours in the vineyard of the Lord silently.

Madame Olympe was much troubled this morning about her poor house-keeper, who during the night had become a great deal worse. The illness had assumed a very grave character, and before breakfast she had been removed to the village, and put under the care of the good *Sœur Marie* and of a regular nurse. Monsieur le Curé had brought satisfactory news of her safe arrival at Marny, and told us that on the whole she had borne her little journey fairly well.

After breakfast Monsieur Kiowski brought down his portfolios, and we passed a delightful two hours looking over his drawings, and some beautiful photographs which he had brought from Italy. Nothing ever was more kind and amiable than he was: bringing them all to the sofa for me, and improvising a sort of desk with the pillow, so that I could see them without tiring either my head or my hands. "That is St. Pe-

ter's," said he, a little unnecessarily; "the largest and most important church of Rome. It is in St. Peter's that all the ceremonies of the Holy Week take place, and from it that the world-famous benediction is given. That is the Colosseum; formerly it was the arena in which the combats of the gladiators were witnessed; now it serves the purpose of a church, where people come to hear preaching, and to pray at little stations which have been erected in it."

I was amazed at the delicacy and beauty of his drawings: Monsieur Berthier, too, was charmed with them. "The fineness of touch is quite incredible!" he said several times with enthusiasm, and indeed in some of the drawings it was really impossible to see where the strokes were by which the enchanting result was arrived at. Mothers and children seemed to be favourite subjects with him: his book was filled with children in every sort of position: his babies are perfect, — so unconscious, and all the little lovely melting bits — the round of the temple and cheek, the little soft way in which the head sits on the neck of a baby — felt with a maternal tenderness that seemed quite extraordinary in a young man. Presently I came, among the drawings, upon a lovely sketch of the river and forest, taken from the château. I exclaimed when I recognized it, and in the kindest and most charming way he immediately entreated me to accept it. I felt dreadfully ashamed at having so valuable a present made me, but it was so pretty and so delightful a souvenir of my visit, that I could not bring myself to refuse it; and all the less that I saw by his manner that it would be a real pleasure to him to give it to me. Ursula Hamilton was in ecstasies over all the drawings, but most especially about a coloured sketch of the picture Monsieur Kiowski was now engaged upon. The subject was the death of Titian: it was wonderfully harmonious and full of character. There was one head — that of a pupil of Titian's — a soft, young, dark Italian face, that was full of sentiment; and there were two women — one in pale crocus-coloured draperies, with a tiger-lily in her hand, and another in a sort of gold and brown brocade, with her back turned and her head thrown over her shoulder — that were quite magnificent.

"How I do wish I could paint!" said Ursula.

"Why don't you?" said Monsieur Kiowski. "If I were not going to-night I would teach you. With Miss Hamilton's feeling for art, she would soon learn — wouldn't she, Monsieur Berthier?"

"In water-colours," said Monsieur Berthier.

"Why not in oils?" asked Ursula impatiently. "Ah, I see!" she added: "*la femme — la femme — et toujours la femme!*" and she came and sat down impatiently by my sofa. "I do get so sick of the way he always goes maundering on about the inferiority of women! I am sure you don't agree with him — you don't believe him, do you?"

"I think we are different creatures," said I, "but I don't see that difference necessarily implies inferiority: as we are inferior to them in certain faculties of the mind which they possess."

"Yes," she interrupted, "the heavy, slow, tiresome ones" —

"So," continued I, laughing, "I also think that they are inferior to us in other mental qualities which belong entirely, or, at all events, in a much higher degree of perfection, to us. Moreover, I believe that these very differences were beneficently bestowed upon us, 'not to doubtful disputations,' but that man might strengthen the spirit of woman in the bearing of her burdens, and that woman might lighten the heart of man in the carrying of his — that each might be, in their very unlikeness, a comfort, a joy, and a completion to the other."

"At all events you are fair," said Ursula. "You meet one half way, but I felt inclined to hurl things at him yesterday at dinner when he went pottering on with his *Faust* and his *Hamlet*, and his *Hamlet* and his *Faust*. Who ever said that metaphysics, abstract speculation (the least useful of all things, by the way,) were the forte of women? But it is a perfectly different matter with the passions — they belong to us every bit as much as to men, and I don't see why we shouldn't be able to delineate them quite as well. It's all very well to talk, — but what sort of intellectual nourishment do women get? What is called their education consists for the most part of nothing but a series of abridgments, filtered through miserable smatterers. Let a woman just for once have the mental training that almost every man gets, and then we shall see" —

"Whether she will write a *Hamlet!*" said I, smiling.

"Well, perhaps she may not be able to write a *Hamlet*, but I can't for the life of me see why she shouldn't write an *As You Like It*."

"*As You Like It!*" I echoed in utter amazement.

"Yes — *As You Like It* — why not? That

is not powerful: it is not even passionate. Don't you see that I am taking up a modest position?"

"I couldn't help it; I burst into a peal of laughter from which I was only roused by the tears of mortification which I saw standing in her eyes.

"My dear child," said I, "calmness is power, and the strongest spirits are not those who awaken tumult in our breasts, but those who bring us into peace. As for *As You Like It*, I love that play so dearly, that I believe on the whole I would rather have written it than any of the others. It seems to me to have a divine quality about it: it leaves one as a fine landscape does — with eyes dimmed by mists of tenderness, not of sorrow, and with a heart adoring God and gentler towards one's kind."

Meanwhile Lady Blankeney and Maria had got one of Monsieur Kiowski's sketch-books in their hands the wrong way upwards, and were, apparently with the greatest interest, inspecting the slight pencil landscapes upside down. At last, after having gone through it scrupulously from beginning to end, they put it upon the table.

"Did you like them?" asked Ursula, drily, when they had done.

"Quite charming!" said Lady Blankeney, smiling. "Such a treat. By-the-way, my dear Ursula," she continued, "I have heard from the Marquise de Verneuil this morning, a most civil kind note (nothing like the Faubourg St. Germain after all, is there?), and she is quite in despair at your not coming; but I hope you will revoke that cruel decision."

"I think your decision was the cruel one," answered Ursula. "I have a friend come from another country to see me; I beg you to get Madame de Verneuil's permission that he should accompany us, and you entirely decline doing so."

"Why, my dear Ursula," said Lady Blankeney, rather embarrassed, "you are such a dear ardent creature, and the moment an idea runs away with you there is no making you understand. You see it is a very small, select thing."

"If Jacques is not fit company for them," said Ursula, "neither am I."

"But, my dear child, the thing is so simple," said Lady Blankeney.

"Quite so," retorted Ursula; "he is not going, neither am I."

"But, my dear, she's *delighted*," said Lady Blankeney — "quite delighted, on the contrary — so very anxious to make his acquaintance, I've got the letter here," she

said, tapping her pocket, "and she will be only too charmed" —

"Then you thought better of it and wrote after all?" said Ursula. "Was it after you heard Jacques play?"

"Well, I don't exactly remember what day it was," said Lady Blankeney, getting red and hesitating.

"But it was after you heard him play," — said Ursula. "Pray, is there to be music at Madame de Verneuil's?"

"Yes," said Lady Blankeney; "she gives the best musical parties in Paris, and I happened in my note to mention your friend's great talent, and then of course in hers she said she would be only too enchanted."

"Oh, and I am to sing, I suppose," said Ursula.

"Why, of course," said Lady Blankeney. "We quite reckon on you, my dear. The dear Marquise was in ecstasies when she heard how beautifully Monsieur Dessaix played, and I'm sure she's only too happy to have him. She says so in her note here," — again tapping her pocket. "Would you like to see her note?"

"O dear, no. Pray don't trouble yourself, Lady Blankeney," said Ursula. "We shall neither of us go. I do not mean to sing anywhere but in my own home." (Poor Lady Blankeney looked terribly chafallen.) "And as for Jacques, he is not professional a bit more than myself; he is in no need whatever of money, and therefore I don't exactly see why he should go and play for a woman whose house you considered too good for him until you thought of making use of him."

"Oh, my dear Ursula, you really have such a way of putting things; but I'm sure you couldn't — you wouldn't — it would be such a disappointment!" besought poor Lady Blankeney, in utter dismay. "It has all been my fault — I assure you it has all been my fault — my little nervous way, you know. If it hadn't been the Faubourg, it would have been quite, quite different, you know; but it is always so select there! But now that she has written to say how delighted she is to make your acquaintance — yours and Monsieur Dessaix's — (and so select as she always is!) — I really don't know what you would have. Isn't it quite true, Maria?" she said, appealing to her daughter in her despair.

"Oh, quite true — ten," calmly said Maria, who had got to her work again and had not the smallest idea what her mother was talking about.

"Very well, then," said Ursula. "In that case we will go" —

"Now that is so nice and sweet of you!" interrupted poor Lady Blankeney, with a ray of hope.

"But," continued Miss Hamilton, gravely, "I will not sing, and Jacques shall not play, and that will give your select Marquise all the more time to become acquainted with us."

Lady Blankeney's face fell so dismally that I was sadly afraid she was going to cry. Just then Madame Olympe came up, and proposed an expedition to the Grant — a high hill in the neighbourhood, from which there was a lovely view.

"But what shall I do?" said Lady Blankeney, dolorously. "I must send an answer to-day. She told me she meant to do without the Trebelli if Ursula went" —

"Then hadn't you better write and tell her to put the Trebelli on again?" said Ursula, coolly.

"Dear me!" said Lady Blankeney, still more dejected. "I don't see how we are to go at all. What is to become of you, Ursula, if Maria and I go?"

"Oh, don't be unhappy about me, my dear Lady Blankeney. Jacques and I shall have a very cosy little evening together at the hotel, I dare say."

"Speak to her, you, my dear Countess! She really doesn't know the things that people will say, and I really am almost beginning to be afraid that — that — she does not care."

"I do not know, and I do not care," said Miss Hamilton, looking at Lady Blankeney placidly.

"When is this party to be?" asked Madame Olympe.

"It's on Saturday next," said Lady Blankeney, "and I must write to-day, and I'm sure I don't know what I am to say after all her kindness about it!"

"I'll tell you what," said Madame Olympe. "Write and say that I keep Miss Hamilton here until Monday next — that is, if she will stay?" and she turned towards Ursula. An expression of pleasure lit up Ursula's face, which was followed by a slight shade of hesitation.

"Oh, you and Monsieur Dessaix I mean, of course," added Madame Olympe, laughing. "And now go and get your things on quickly, all of you; it soon gets cold of an evening now, and it is a longish way that we have to go. Bessy," she continued, addressing me, "go and fetch your hat too. The others will walk, but the pony-chair is ordered for you, and there is a way up, not quite so pretty, perhaps, as the road that they are going, but at least twice as short:"

I am sure we can manage it with the pony-chair and our old steady horse, and Monsieur Kiowski and I are coming with you."

We had a lovely view, certainly, when we got to the top of the hill; and I think that the intense delight it gave me must have repaid my dear hostess for all her kind thought and hard labour in my behalf; but oh, what that journey up was to my poor rickety nerves, no words can tell. We went up, and up, and up through an entirely perpendicular lane, where there existed no road at all. Madame Olympe walked the whole way, pulling the horse up after her by main force, while Monsieur Kiowski pushed behind with all his might. I never was so terrified or so miserable in all my life. Whenever we stopped for an instant in order to allow the poor animal to recover his breath, the carriage rolled back, and frightened me out of my wits. I made one or two feeble propositions about walking, which Madame Olympe peremptorily extinguished. At last, Monsieur Kiowski, seeing that I was on the point of crying, suggested that I was more likely to be made ill by sitting in the carriage and being frightened, than by the fatigue of walking. Upon this Madame Olympe suddenly turned round, and coming close up to me, in a determined way, said, "You are frightened; of what are you frightened? Of being run away with? How is it possible up this steep hill? Of the carriage rolling back? Where can you go to if it does roll back? Into the hedge." And she suddenly backed the carriage right into the hedge, to illustrate her words. "There is only one thing that can happen to you, and that is to tumble out; but I do not see what is to make you do that; and if you did, you are but an inch from the ground in this little low chair, and you could not hurt yourself if you were to try."

"Well," said Monsieur Kiowski, who had gone a little way off to take a peep through a break in the trees, "is it decided? Does she get out?"

"Yes," answered Madame Olympe, unhesitatingly. "I have convinced her reason that there is no danger; so she is no longer frightened, and stays in."

After that there was nothing for it but to remain where I was and endure agonies until we reached the summit. That angelic creature Monsieur Kiowski ran ever so far back to possess himself of an enormous stone, very nearly as big as a milestone, with which he toiled up the hill after us, scotching the wheel with it every time that

we stopped, and thereby doing away with what had been the most unpleasant of my sensations. At the top we were met by the rest of the party, with the exception of Monsieur Dessaix. He had started with them, it seems, but the moment they began to ascend the hill he had exclaimed to Miss Hamilton, "Ursula, there is danger; I leave thee!" and returned home. I was allowed by Madame Olympe to walk down by the road that I had come, accompanied by Ursula, Monsieur Kiowski, Monsieur Berthier and Jeanne. Lady Blankeney and Maria were driven home the long way by Madame Olympe.

As soon as we reached the château, Lady Blankeney made one final attempt to mollify Miss Hamilton about Madame de Verneuil, but she was entirely inexorable, and so poor Lady Blankeney, with Maria, retreated upstairs, much mortified, to write her letter. I went and established myself upon my sofa, and Madame Olympe made us some tea — after which Ursula began to sing, and then Monsieur Dessaix was prevailed upon to play. He played with Madame Olympe, first, sonatas of Mozart's, as long as the daylight lasted and that they could see; and then he went playing on, compositions of his own: a song of Gretchen, a song of Juliet, a song of Ophelia, a song of Mignon — tender, pathetic, exquisite! and we sat and listened, first into the twilight, then into the dusk, until the last fine passion and the last faint glimmer clung together in an undistinguishable embrace and died into the night. For some seconds after the sound had ceased, we all remained breathless and motionless, bound in a great silent emotion. At last a gentle voice said from out of the darkness, with a little sympathetic sigh, "Ah, how well I did to come back!"

Ursula's hand, which was lying in mine, gave a sudden jump, and Madame Olympe got up, crying, "Why, René, you don't mean that it's you? No — this is too laughable!"

The lamps were lit, and a slight fair man with chestnut hair and a red beard divided into two points, was presented to me as Monsieur de Saltes. Jeanne was right — interesting was the word. Ursula had remained sitting rather behind me, and had not been perceived in the first moments of greeting. At last Monsieur de Saltes caught sight of her, and came forward with an exclamation of pleasure to meet her.

"My dear Ursula, how charmed I am to see you! Forgive my freedom," he added.

"When I first knew you, you were no higher than that, you know,"—and he made the measure with his hand in the air.

"Yes, but I have grown since then. I am now as tall as that," she said, drawing herself up to her full height, and drawing her hand up with a lazy charming gesture to a level with her head, "and I am always called Miss Hamilton."

I was amazed at her self-possession; and so, I think, was Monsieur René, for he suddenly flushed and turned with rather an embarrassed manner to speak to Madame Olympe.

"I feel proud of myself," said Ursula to me in English. "I suppose I am the first person who has ever put that man down in his life."

"He does not seem to like it much," said I.

"Good for him!" she answered, with a wicked smile.

"Now tell me what on earth has brought you back to me so soon, René?" said Madame Olympe. "Your erratic proceedings become daily more wonderful."

"Suppose I have come back for the meet to-morrow? Would that be so very wonderful?" said he.

"Yes," said Madame Olympe, "for you knew of the meet before you went, and had no intention whatever of hunting."

"Perhaps I came back to see old friends—who knows?" he said, with a charming smile at Ursula.

"That won't do either," said Madame Olympe. "You forget that I know what took you away in such a hurry. You had better tell the truth at once—it will have to come out at last—come, execute yourself with a good grace, and unfold the mystery."

"If I were to tell you, how you would laugh at me!" he said, laughing himself. "Well, you must know, then, that yesterday evening I thought I would just go for half-an-hour to Madame de Limours. At this season I made sure of finding her alone, and having a little chat comfortably by her fire-side. Not at all. There were at least twenty people—men of science with dowdy wives, literary lions, a German poetess with a goitre—and in the midst of all these, such a fish out of water, and more undressed than anything you can conceive, Sophie de Malan! She was in the hands of a hideous man, who, I was told, had just written something about the decomposition of oils. She flew to me at once, held on like grim death, and would not let me go

until I had sworn all my great gods that I would dine with her to-day. I really never saw anything so shocking as her appearance. I suppose, like myself, she had expected to find no one, and had put on an old gown—it was a very dirty one—and those naked little high shoulders! I assure you one could see the articulation of her anatomy all down her chest as far as her waist. You never saw such a hideous spectacle in your life!"

"Where was Monsieur de Malan?"

"Oh, she had left him somewhere or other by the seaside in Normandy, and was only herself in Paris for a day or two on business. If he had been there I might have borne it. I always rather liked Malan; but a tête-à-tête with Sophie was more than my poor shattered frame could stand. So I wrote a little note (to be sent at seven o'clock), stating how at the eleventh hour my wretched health obliged me to renounce the promised happiness, &c."

"So that, in point of fact, it is to Madame de Malan's invitation to dinner that we are indebted for the pleasure of seeing you?" said Miss Hamilton.

"Do you know her, Miss Hamilton?" said Monsieur de Saldes, turning to her. "Oh, though, of course you do! She was at Florence in the old days."

"Yes; she was at Florence in the old days," answered Miss Hamilton, smiling: "but my acquaintance with her was very slight."

"And you are going to England, Olympe tells me," he continued, "and with Lady Blankeney? Surely, after the *vita libera* of Italy, England, and under those auspices, will never suit you?"

"I am afraid the alliance does not seem likely to last very long," said Ursula. "Our points of view upon all subjects are so very different. I don't feel certain how I may like England under my new circumstances. I have come into a fortune, you know; and among other pleasant things, have inherited an estate in Devonshire, which I am told is quite lovely. I can fancy liking country-life in England—there is something useful, delightful, and altogether noble about it. Whenever I read or hear about it, it seems to me the ideal life. Each of the two times I have been in England, it has only been to make a hurried visit of a few days to London upon business matters. Oh, how ugly I thought it, and how I hated it! It was almost worth while going there, though, for the joy of returning afterwards to the beloved land. How one's spirits rise the

moment one crosses the frontier, and hears people speaking with sweet terminating vowels once more !”

“Yes,” said Monsieur Kiowski. “I know nothing like the emotion that the first Italian town gives one after an absence — the well-remembered yet always new aspect of men and things ! The faded frescos on the old palaces — the balconies teeming with crowded flowers ; the shops, half in, half out of doors — the barber with the striped curtain drawn back, that the patient may flaner with his eyes while his chin is in jeopardy — the tailor who is always mending a waistcoat on a sort of hob at the entrance of the shop —”

“The limonaro and the water-melon man,” interrupted Ursula.

“The ill-shaven priests and slippered women,” continued Monsieur Kiowski.

“The groom who has a tenor and the milkman who plays the mandoline !” cried Ursula.

“How noisy — how sunny — how fascinating it all is !” said Monsieur Kiowski.

“And, sommi Dei ! what a stench !” added Monsieur de Salades.

“I don’t mind it !” said Ursula, indignantly.

“You needn’t be angry with me for my unromantic climax to your ecstasies,” said Monsieur de Salades. “No one knows better than I do the emotion of a return to Italy. The second time I went to Rome, it was at the end of October, I recollect. I threw open the window of the carriage as we drove from Civita Vecchia : a dense vapour covered all the country, and one could see nothing ; but the whole land smelt of the aromatic herbs which the cattle were chewing, and that well-remembered Campagna odour of thyme borne in upon the damp air affected me unspeakably. I lay back in the carriage, and cried like a child : happy tears ! why cannot one shed such oftener !”

I felt quite touched. “Humbag !” said Ursula to me in a low voice. It was the first time that she jarred upon me.

“Well,” said Madame Olympe. “No one enjoys a trip to Italy more than I do, but I don’t think I could live there. I do get so furious with the dishonesty and unreliability of the people — they do cheat and lie so !”

“You must remember,” said Ursula, “that going to Italy as you do, and living the hotel life on the great beaten track, you see the very worst specimens of the people. They do not, perhaps, feel the great shame of lying as the English do ; but I have

known many perfectly dependable Italians, and I think that when they are so at all, they are generally more so than any other people. Quite the most truthful nature I ever met with was an Italian, and that was the Meneghina, our Venetian maid : she was absolutely transparent.”

“Yes,” said I, “nothing can be more charming than that sort of impulsive candour that you speak of ; but at the same time I must say that I like the English notion of the *shame* of a lie. There is something very noble about it, and it belongs altogether to a higher tone of feeling than the involuntary truth-telling which you praise in Italians.”

“I have remarked,” said Monsieur Berthier, mildly, “that the conception of truth among Englishwomen is quite peculiar to themselves ; and I must own that it appears to me very often to answer the exact purpose that falsehood does with other people. For example, suppose that an Englishwoman has happened to go to some place or other, and that she has her own reasons for not wishing it known that she has been there — (such a thing might occur, might it not ?) — she comes back, and some one asks her where she has been ? She immediately answers, To this place — to that place — to the other place, and thinks that so long as she does not positively deny the having been to the one important spot she is scrupulously truthful. For has she, after all, not indeed been to all these places ? More than this, she is even capable of deliberately planning to go to all these places, expressly in order that she may be able with what she regards as perfect truth to enumerate them, and behind them to conceal what she wishes concealed. When I have said what I thought upon the subject — which was that this mode of action appeared to me to be very much like pressing truth into the service of falsehood — I have been received with indignant surprise. The Englishwoman thought she had, on the contrary, evinced a conscientious adherence to truth. Now a Frenchwoman is, for the most part, quite incapable of that sort of thing ; if she is in a difficulty she will lie like a trooper, but it will be a direct lie born not of an immediate danger — not that elaborate perversion of the truth in which the Englishwoman permits herself to indulge with so much astuteness and self-complacency.”

“The entire motiveless lies which Roman people often tell, are the most curious of all,” said Monsieur Kiowski. “When I was in Rome, I had a most valuable man-

servant: he was a man of an education considerably above his station, had been highly recommended to me, and was trustworthy in every way. One day when I came home he announced to me that a gentleman whom he had never seen before had been to call upon me; he had left no name, and he had forgotten in the hall a very curious cane. There was no end to the trouble my poor Giovannino gave himself about this stick. He made inquiries in every direction, and finally had handbills printed and stuck about in the principal shops describing it, and informing the owner where he might recover it. No one claimed it, however, and at last, after many months, considering the matter now quite hopeless, he grew to regard the stick as in a manner his own, and to take it with him when he went out walking. One day more than a year after this circumstance had occurred, he was suddenly stopped in the street by the owner of the cane, who recognized and claimed his property. Giovannino surrendered it joyfully and unhesitatingly, at the same time affirming positively that he had bought it not half an hour ago, and given ten scudi for it. He told me all this himself when he came home — and I, who knew to what trouble and expense the poor fellow's honesty had put him, in vain endeavoured to elicit from him some reason or other for his extraordinary gratuitous falsehood. 'But why, *why* did you say that you had bought it?' I in vain inquired. 'Eh, non saprei!' he only answered with a smile; 'mi è saltato così fuori dalla bocca! — it jumped out of my mouth!'

"After all," said Monsieur de Saltes, "the difference is not merely national, it is also individual in the highest degree. No two English or French people look at truth in the same way: it is a relative thing, and every one sees it from his own point of view. I have a friend whose respect for truth induces him to go about the world hurting everybody's feelings, and making himself perfectly odious; he thinks he is performing a great duty, and is delighted with himself. As for me, I hope I am not more undependable than any one else in serious matters; but I would tell any amount of little insignificant social lies to give a pleasant emotion, and, above all, to spare a moment's pain to any one. I think that is a duty; he despises me, and I hate him — who is to decide between us? Truth, like everything else, is an entirely relative thing. Did you ever read Rénan's *Vie de Jesus*, Miss Hamilton?" he continued. "If you recollect, without wishing in any way

to impugn the divine veracity of our Lord, he bids us remember that he was an Oriental, and all but insinuates that his assertions may therefore be taken with a grain of salt. I quite agree with him as far as the question of nationality is concerned; don't you?"

"I hate the blasphemous twaddle of that book," said Miss Hamilton, "and agree with nothing it contains. I think it has been made, in every way, of a great deal more importance than it deserves."

"But it is very prettily written! — have you read it, Miss Hope?" he said, turning to me. "Every one must own that it is prettily written."

"I think," said I, "that the very expression you make use of, condemns the book. In treating of such subjects, prettinesses are so out of place as to become absolutely shocking to people like myself, of strong prejudices and weak minds."

"Ah, but there are charming pages!" he continued. "And then there is such a perfume of naïveté and of the primitive life in his descriptions of the places! that, too, is original; no one ever did it before."

"Yes," said Ursula, "he has sprinkled the Holy Land with rosewater. It is perfectly of a piece with the idea of presenting the Saviour of the world under the aspect of a garçon d'esprit — 'qui a inventé ce genre délicieux des paraboles.' This also, no doubt, has the merit of originality. As you say, nobody ever did it before, and I sincerely hope nobody ever will do it again. Saint Peter denied our Lord, but it was reserved to Monsieur Rénan to patronize him."

"Ursula!" called Madame Olympe from the other end of the room, where she was looking out some music, "do tell me what programme I can arrange for the village church on Sunday next? There is going to be a grand confirmation-function, and we want, if possible, to get up something a little more important than usual in the way of music. There is a little woman in the village — the wife of one of our huntsmen — who has a very pretty voice: she and Jeanne can sing a duet together, and we can manage a simple chorus or two; but that will hardly be enough, I am afraid."

"May I sing?" said Ursula. "I should like to sing in a church of all things, — that is, if you don't mind my being a heretic?"

"No, really?" exclaimed Madame Olympe. "Heretic or no heretic, you deserve to go to heaven for such an offer! May you sing? Indeed you shall, since you give me the chance."

"But what shall it be?" said Ursula. "I have only one sacred song in the world—a psalm of Marcello's. It will be the very thing, but it is the only one I possess."

"Well," said Madame Olympe, "that will do for the first song; but you must have two solos—what shall we do for the second? What was that grand air of Stradella's you sang just now?—that was very solemn."

"My dear Madame Olympe," said Ursula, "it is a passionate love-song, and begins with the words, 'Oh del mio dolce ardor, bramato oggetto.'"

"Never mind!" said Madame Olympe. "It is quite magnificent, and you sing it superbly. We must have it. I will look out some Latin words which we will clap upon it, somehow or other. We must have it at any price."

Just then the carriage which was to carry Monsieur Kiowski to the station was announced, and Monsieur Kiowski—who had gone upstairs to get his things together—hurried into the room to bid us good-by.

"Ah," said Madame Olympe, "how splendid this *Tantum ergo* of Bach's is! We could sing it if we only had a tenor! Jeanne would take the first, Miss Hamilton the second, Charles could sing the bass. It's not at all difficult. Ah, Monsieur Kiowski, why are you going away?"

"I wish I were not," he answered, "and I would sing it for you with pleasure."

"Come back and sing it!" said Jeanne, laughing.

"Very well, so I will!" he said.

"No! will you?" she cried, jumping up, vehemently.

"My dear child," said her mother, "don't you see that he is joking?"

"Not at all," said Monsieur Kiowski; "we will have the *Tantum ergo*. Your function is for Sunday; I shall be back here on Saturday morning for breakfast and rehearsal."

"It is unheard of," exclaimed Madame Olympe; "but it is too much! Oh, why do you go? why must you go?"

"It is a pity," answered he, "but I have an engagement that it is important I should keep."

"Well, then, at all events," said Madame Olympe, "you will give us some more days when you come back?"

"Alas, I fear that, too, will be impossible! On Monday afternoon I have a model coming at two o'clock, and I shall be obliged to leave you on Sunday as soon as I have sung my *Tantum ergo*. I have been at play so long that I must set to work

without delay, or I shall not have my pictures ready for the Academy, and so à revoir, and not adieu! At least that is something," he added, as he kissed her hand.

"A revoir, Jeanne! Monsieur Berthier, adieu; you will not be here, I believe, when I return. Miss Hope, we shall meet again on Saturday,—I shall have the pleasure of singing with you on Sunday, Miss Hamilton." He then turned to Monsieur de Salles, and with a hasty bow and a "Monsieur, j'ai l'honneur de vous saluer!" rushed off. We looked out and saw him drive past the window. We were a little afraid he might be late—suddenly the carriage stops—what can have happened? Monsieur Kiowski leaps out—he tears up the hill by a short path across to the house. Good gracious, he has forgotten something!—he will certainly be too late! An instant more—voluble talking in a high key on the steps—in the passage—and he is in the room. "The poor dear Marquis . . . I never bade him good-by . . . Pray say a thousand things for me, I entreat . . . I wouldn't for all the world that he should think himself forgotten!" panting he articulates, and breathless departs. There he goes spinning down the hill again—long grey coat-tails flying in the wind—he's in—off they gallop. Will he catch the train?

"Good gracious, what a whirlwind!" said Monsieur René.

"But what an angel!" said Madame Olympe. "Think of his coming back all that way, and across the sea too, for a single day, to help us with our music!"

"It isn't you, René, who would do that," said Jeanne.

"No," said René, "I should be sorry to do anything so ridiculous. It can be nothing but an intense gratification of the demon of restlessness within him to make a man do such a thing. Of course he could have remained if he had chosen,—but some people like living in a fuss."

"He said he had an engagement," I observed.

"And not with Madame de Malan, or he might have broken it," suggested Ursula.

"Oh, if there is a lady in the case, I say no more," said Monsieur de Salles. "Only then, of course, the great magnanimity of keeping the engagement rather goes to the ground."

"I know with whom his engagement is," began Monsieur Berthier.

"Oh, who is it?—do tell us!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"See," said he, looking round at us com-

placently, "the curiosity of women! Monsieur René is the only person who expresses no desire to become acquainted with Monsieur Kiowski's little secret. You must know, then," he continued, "that Monsieur Kiowski is much interested about a poor sculptor of great merit in Genoa, who has, in spite of his talent, been quite unable to make any sort of way with the public. Last spring, Monsieur Kiowski made him send over one of his best works—a charming little figure of Egeria—with the hope of being able to sell it for him in England. An American gentleman,—a Mr. Crittenden Pike—saw the statue at Monsieur Kiowski's studio, and was much struck by it, but came to no decision. Since Monsieur Kiowski has been here, however, he has received a letter from Mr. Pike, stating that he sails for America on Friday, and would like to see the statue again before he goes; and it is for this—for the chance of effecting this sale, that he curtails his holiday, and goes back. I am sure you are all a little disappointed that there is no lady in the matter—are you not? It would have been more romantic? Well, I think it is even prettier so."

"It isn't you, René, who would have done that either," said Madame Olympe, laughing.

"I flatter myself I should not," he answered, warming his feet, and stroking his red beard with a lovely white rose.

Madame Olympe and I then sat down to the piano, and I tried the bass of some duets with her. Suddenly, Monsieur Charles rushed in nearly as impetuously as Monsieur Kiowski. "Olympe!"

No answer but a series of brilliant scales complacently executed with the right hand.

"Olympe! Have you seen Monsieur Kiowski? Did he come back again, Olympe? He will certainly miss his train!"

She went on steadily playing with a darkening visage.

"Olympe! they tell me he came back again? Did you see him? Do you hear me, Olympe? He had then forgotten something? Olympe! had he then forgotten something? He will lose the train!"

When I heard him labouring in vain to be heard, and addressing himself to her with about as much success as if she had been the wall, I unconsciously made a little indication of stopping; but without looking at me she went on pressing my right arm heavily down with her left, with which she at the same time kept on vigorously executing a rummaging bass, and, dashing the

forefinger of her right hand into the centre of my page, to show me my place, gave vent to an ominous "Un, deux, trois!" that sent me floundering back to my duty in a state of abject submission. Jeanne saw the impending storm, and came to the rescue. "What!" she cried, with the greatest apparent surprise and interest. "Come back, Marquis? No!—did he really? He will certainly be too late! What could it be? Hyacinthe will know—let us go and inquire." And she carried him cleverly out of the room.

"You are surprised that I did not answer him?" said Madame Olympe. "Of what use would it have been? Sometimes he goes on calling my name for ten minutes together from the next room, for no other reason than to establish the fact that I am there!"

How shall I describe the brusque oddity of my dear strange hostess's manner without giving a wrong impression of that warm generous heart? One of the days that I was there, Monsieur Charles had a slight attack of feverish cold. With what anxious tenderness, with what affectionate devotion, she waited on and served him! I never saw in any one such strong feelings of compassion. In most people that virtue does not appear to exceed the limits of a sentiment; in her, pity became a passion. Her great beauty and the quiet appreciation which she had of it, without the slightest admixture of coquetry or affectation, was one of the most striking characteristics of this regal and most original of women. I have seen her go across the room and look steadily at her handsome face for minutes together in the glass with a singleness of purpose that nearly made me laugh; but I never saw her squint at herself as she went by, or pretend to arrange something in her head-dress, or adopt any of the little mean expedients that uneasy vanity, male and female alike, resorts to whenever a looking-glass is in question. I have never known but one other handsome woman equally unoccupied with her own beauty. If you had told her to put on her grandmother's night-cap, she would have been quite content to do so, and to look like her grandmother in it. Madame Olympe would have put on the cap, too, in a minute; but somehow her rue would have been worn with a difference, and she would, through an involuntary artistic instinct, have arranged it at once so as to look in it a thousand times handsomer and younger than she did before. Her extraordinary unconsciousness is, I think, perhaps what attracts and attaches one to her more

than anything else. She has no more respect-humain than a baby: the sunlight and the shadows flit over her face according to her humours, just as they brighten and darken the face of uncontrolled childhood; and in her and about her there is all the time a sort of grand innocence which makes one laugh, and for which one adores her. She was evidently gradually growing very fond of Ursula and of Monsieur Jacques. The former had got quite to understand her feeling upon the score of manners; and whenever any little passage occurred to bring a gloom over Madame Olympe's countenance, she would break out into a sudden appeal of glorious recitative that ended everything with an embrace. Monsieur Jacques liked Madame de Caradee very much, and had the greatest opinion of her artistic organization; but he was still frightened to death at her size and her abruptness, and whenever she came into the room used to strike up the air of "See the conquering hero comes," to the great edification of myself and Ursula. Luckily Madame Olympe's acquaintance with Handel was limited. As for me, Monsieur Jacques and I had become sworn friends; he would come to me for a hundred little services, such as numbering the leaves of his music, stitching them together, sewing buttons on his gloves — and he used to call me his providence.

Delightful as they all seemed to consider Monsieur de Salades, I did not think our party gained from having him — it became less genial at once. One couldn't help a certain feeling of anxiety and responsibility caused by his presence in some sort of undefined way; he was referred to in one's own mind about everything that did, could, or might occur, in a mute unacknowledged manner, and it threw a coldness over the whole. On the day of his arrival he contrived to escape the natural fate that awaited him in Miss Blankeney, and to take Ursula in to dinner, to Monsieur Jacques' great annoyance, who sat next to me.

"Do not let her marry him," he said to me. "You have obtained such a good influence over her already — exercise it for her profit, I implore you. Do not let her marry him; I am sure he would not make her happy."

"Do you think there is any chance of such a thing?" I asked in some surprise.

"Things much more improbable have happened," he answered. "He is not good looking, is he? it is such a worn-out face."

"The eyes are fine," I remarked.

"Mine are fine too," he said, plaintively. "Have you ever looked at them?" and he fixed them on me. "They are like velvet!" he added with a melancholy air.

I then noticed for the first time how handsome they were. What gave a great peculiarity to his face was that to these very black eyes there was hardly any eyebrow whatever.

"Is it possible that you are jealous?" said I.

"No," he answered, "not precisely. I never desired to marry her myself; and if I were to desire it and that she were to consent, I should certainly cease to desire it immediately; but I have an uncomfortable presentiment about that man — he will love her, or she will love him, and that would make me perfectly miserable."

Lady Blankeney continued very low, poor woman, at her failure about Madame de Verneuil's party, and could not flutter her little frivolous wings at all. Ursula, too, snubbed her upon every possible occasion — rather unnecessarily I thought. "What shall you do about the Johnsons, Ursula?" said she. "I hear they have arrived in London with letters from Mrs. Egerton for various people, and for you and myself among the number. What shall you do?"

"Do, Lady Blankeney?" said Ursula, "What can you possibly mean?"

"I mean," said Lady Blankeney, "shall you call, or what?"

"If you mean by 'what' neglect them, Lady Blankeney, I shall certainly not do that," replied Ursula. "Indeed I don't see what option I have in the matter. These people come to me recommended by a friend who was extremely kind to me in Italy, so that whoever or whatever they may be I shall do honour to the recommendation, and call upon them as soon as I arrive in London myself, and show them every civility in my power. Don't you intend to go and see them, that you inquire?"

"Well," she said, "I don't quite know yet how that may be. I shall wait a little and see."

"See what?" asked Ursula. "Whether society in general takes any notice of them?"

"Yes," said Lady Blankeney, quite simply. "I think it will be better just to wait a little and see."

"Who are these people?" asked Madame Olympe. "Is there any reason why they should not be received or visited?"

"O dear, no," replied Lady Blankeney, with the greatest naïveté. "They are very

good sort of people indeed; quite so, I believe."

"It's more than a belief, isn't it, Lady Blankeney?" said Ursula. "You know them quite well, don't you?"

"You are personally acquainted with them, then, already, are you?" said Madame Olympe.

"Yes," said Lady Blankeney. "I know them—that is, I did know them once. They were very rich once, and used to give very nice parties indeed, and I used always to go there—always. And now they are very poor, and I never go there now—never."

Lady Blankeney's worldliness was such a good-tempered, impervious, simple-minded sort of thing, that it became really an amusement to me to listen to her, and I could not bring myself to feel indignant and disgusted as Ursula did, whom it never made to smile for a single instant.

We had nearly finished dessert, when Ursula suddenly exclaimed,—

"What in the world are you doing, Jacques?"

He was carefully stroking down both sides of his nose with the first finger of each hand, and then rubbing the points of the fingers together at the end of his nose, as if to rub off some adhesive substance. I had seen him steadily doing this during the last ten minutes.

"That is the way the flies do," he said, looking up at her meditatively. "Hast thou never seen how they clean their bodies, first with their legs going carefully under their wings, and then how they clean their legs by scraping them against each other?" and he did it again. "*Ceci c'est l'elephant*," he continued mournfully, and stretching his arm out with a sudden impetuous sort of circular sweep across to Ursula's plate, he picked up from off it a peach which she was just going to eat, and dropped it with a curve from above into his own mouth. The dexterity and the likeness to the creature he was imitating were perfectly marvellous, and perfectly irresistible—even Maria blinked her short-sighted eyes and chuckled faintly. Monsieur René alone maintained a well-bred gravity, and gave the signal for leaving the table by rising at once.

"He detests me," said Jacques with a sickly smile. "Don't marry him, my Ursula! If thou dost, I shall give thee my benediction" (and he extended two fingers on the top of her head), "and thou wilt never hear of me again."

Ursula laughed and said:—"I should not suit Monsieur de Saltes at all, my good Jacques, and he is far too wise not to be

aware of that fact; and as for me, I would a great deal rather marry the man in the moon; so thou hast nothing to fear. He hates thee to-night, does he? Last night it was Miss Blankeney. Art thou reconciled to her?"

"No, my angel," he answered, "and never shall be. Thou laughest at all my instincts, but they are perfectly correct. It is an affair of magnetism, all that, and to a magnetic subject like myself first impressions are quite infallible. But besides the warnings of presentment and instinct which thou treatest with contempt, there is a fatal something else at work between Meess and myself which causes a deadly and invincible enmity in her bosom. Thou dost not know the misfortune that befell me the day after I arrived in Paris. I lost my way in the hotel, and could not find my own door, and went into her room by mistake. Ah! she was abominable! She had a little rat's-tail of hair hanging down behind, and a huge false plait in her hand; and she had false things on before, and false things on behind, and false things on all round; everything was false except her great teeth and her miserable spindles. She screamed, and frisked wildly about the room, foaming at the mouth, and saying, '*Sortez! sortez!*' in a state of fury. But I was glued to the ground, paralyzed with horror, and I couldn't move. At last she hurled her plait at me, and I fled. But these are things a woman never forgives. I know all her little secrets, and she knows that I know them; and ever since that day she has always wished that I was dead. I see it in her face very often; I know the expression quite well."

After we had been laughing a little while at this adventure, Ursula, who was extremely fond of chess, and who wished for her revenge after being beaten the night before, proposed that we should have a game; but a very decided stop was put to this suggestion by Madame Olympe, who said,—

"Ursula, you shall not play at chess; it is a horrid game; it withdraws people completely from the rest of the society, and swallows them up. I will not have you play. As for Bessie,"—and she stooped down and kissed me,—"*she is ill, and may play if she pleases.*" After which grand but somewhat idle concession, she opened the piano, and the evening was spent in most delightful music. Monsieur René was the first Frenchman I had ever known who was really conversant with the works of Mendelssohn, and really appreciated them. Far from appearing taken

with Ursula, he seemed to me to have rather an antagonistic feeling towards her than otherwise. He was singularly cold and niggardly in his praise of her singing, expressing admiration only when positively appealed to by Madame Olympe, in her enthusiasm. She had been singing some things of Rossini's, and after a sort of obliged compliment to her perfect execution of them, he inquired if she never indulged in more serious music than that. She then sang the great air from the *Orfeo* quite magnificently. He, however, merely remarked that it had been originally written for a high tenor, and lost immensely by being arranged for a woman's voice.

"I don't care," said Ursula. "Everybody is not so learned as you, Monsieur de Saldes, and there is so very little real contralto music existing, that I am willing to rob on all sides, wherever I can adapt my theft successfully to my means."

"I will write a new oratorio of Samson," said Monsieur Jacques. "And Samson shall be a contralto, and thou shalt sing it—thou who art strong."

"But how wilt thou write it?" said Ursula—"thou who art not strong? One does but what one is. Thou dear old ninny," she went on caressingly, "thou hast a little soul: how wilt thou do great things with it? But thou hast a tender soul, and a fan-

ciful brain, and of grace, tenderness, and fancy thou wilt always be master. Thou canst but what thou art. Write me a cantata of David before he went up to slay the Philistine, in the flower of his shepherd days, and I will sing that for thee."

Monsieur de Saldes then came to me and begged me to play something. I hesitated a little, for I thought it would sound very poor after the singing, but he insisted, adding, "I believe I am very peculiar, but I confess I like instrumental music (even the piano) better than singing."

I played one after the other of the *Lieder ohne Worte* for him. He knew them all, and it was quite delightful to play to so absorbed and enjoying a listener. His manner, too, was quite charming, so gentle, and with something of a pleasant deference about it—a sort of perfume of another day, and which is quite gone out of fashion. Madame Olympe and Jacques then played us some of Beethoven's sonatas for piano and violin, and I retired to my sofa and crochet, where I was followed by Monsieur de Saldes, who very good-naturedly helped me to wind my wool. Once during the *Adagio* of the wonderful sonata in C minor, I happened to look up at him; he was holding his hands quite still and the worsted wouldn't run: I saw that his thoughts were far away and his eyes quite full of tears.

LORD ELDON'S WILL.—"In the latter part of the year 1828, I was summoned to attest the execution of his Lordship's will in the parlour of his solicitor in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It was unfolded on the table, and, to my great surprise, consisted of a bundle of papers, all in his Lordship's handwriting, and extending to a considerable length. It appeared to have been composed, probably at Encombe, during the long vacation, at various times; the writing being upon detached pieces of paper—some of it written on the backs of the sheets, in admired confusion. His Lordship, however, pronounced it to be his last will and testament; and his execution of it was duly attested by the three then necessary witnesses, myself the last. Immediately on this ceremony being completed, his solicitor, Mr. Wilson, said, 'Now, my Lord, I will forthwith take this in to Brodie' (the eminent conveyancer, and his next door neighbour), 'and let him consider this as instructions for a proper preparation of your Lordship's will, for this will never do.' Lord Eldon: 'Well, Wilson, do as you like with it, for perhaps you are right. The anxiety of it will, at any rate, be off my shoulders—and put it upon Brodie's.' This will was subsequently settled by Mr. Brodie upon these instructions; but was not, however, the last will which his Lordship executed."—*Bennett's Biographical Sketches.*

PITCH IN MUSIC.—The term *pitch* is a word which is so constantly repeated that it might be expected to convey some very definite idea. Such, however, is not the case. Supposing even that the different nations are agreed individually as to what height of tone should be considered as the normal pitch in music, the standard apparently taken by one will be found to differ considerably from those selected by others. This is not without its inconveniences. Leaving out of view the fact that the beauty of a piece of music depends not only on the relative but absolute height of the sounds which compose it, such a variation in the pitch adopted by different nations must be extremely embarrassing to singers. The evil of a capricious and varied normal pitch in different countries has not, however, escaped observation; and, to meet the difficulty, it was proposed by the French Government in 1859, that a normal tuning fork, making 870 vibrations in a second, should be universally employed. This reasonable proposal has not, however, been adopted; and an evil of the same kind, though not so serious as that of a difference of weights and measures, is still permitted unnecessarily to continue.—*Scientific Review.*

From Macmillan's Magazine.

SOME NOTES UPON THE CHARACTERS IN
SHAKESPEARE'S PLAY OF MACBETH.

BY FANNY KEMBLE.

MACBETH is pre-eminently the Drama of Conscience. It is the most wonderful history of temptation, in its various agency upon the human soul, that is to be found in the universal range of imaginative literature. Viewed in this aspect, the solemn march of the tragedy becomes awful, and its development a personal appeal, of the profoundest nature, to every one who considers it with that serious attention that its excellence as a work of art alone entitles it to command. To every human soul it tells the story of its own experience, rendered indeed more impressive by the sublime poetry in which it is uttered; but it is the truth itself, and not the form in which it is presented, which makes the force of its appeal; and the terrible truth with which the insidious approach of temptation — its imperceptible advances, its gradual progress, its clinging pertinacity, its recurring importunity, its prevailing fascination, its bewildering sophistry, its pitiless tenacity, its imperious tyranny, and its final hideous triumph over the moral sense — is delineated, that makes Macbeth the grandest of all poetical lessons, the most powerful of all purely fictitious moralities, the most solemn of all lay sermons drawn from the text of human nature.

In a small pamphlet, written many years ago by Mr. John Kemble, upon the subject of the character of Macbeth, and which now survives as a mere curiosity of literature, he defends with considerable warmth the hero of the play from a charge of cowardice, brought against him either by Malone or Steevens in some of their strictures on the tragedy.

This question appeared to me singular, as it would never have occurred to me that there could be two opinions upon the subject of the personal prowess of the soldier: who comes before us heralded by the martial title of Bellona's bridegroom, and wearing the garland of a double victory. But, in treating his view of the question, Mr. Kemble dwells, with extreme and just admiration, upon the skill with which Shakespeare has thrown all the other characters into a shadowy background, in order to bring out with redoubled brilliancy the form of Macbeth when it is first presented to us. Banquo, his fellow in fight and coadjutor in conquest, shares both the dan-

gers and rewards of his expedition; and yet it is the figure of Macbeth which stands out prominently in the van of the battle so finely described by Rosse — it is he whom the king selects as heir to the dignities of the treacherous Thane of Cawdor — it is to meet him that the withered ambassadresses of the powers of darkness float through the lurid twilight of the battle day; and when the throb of the distant drum is heard across the blasted heath, among the host whose tread it times over the gloomy expanse, the approach of one man alone is greeted by the infernal ministers. Their appointed prey draws near, and, with the presentiment of their dire victory over the victor, they exclaim, "A drum! a drum! Macbeth doth come!"

Marshaled with triumphant strains of warlike melody; paced at the heels by his victorious soldiers; surrounded by their brave and noble leaders, himself the leader of them all; flushed with success, and crowned with triumph — Macbeth stands before us; and the shaggy brown heath seems illuminated round him with the keen glitter of arms, the waving of bright banners, and broad tartan folds, and the light that emanates from, and surrounds as with a dazzling halo, the face and form of a heroic man in the hour of his success.

Wonderful indeed, in execution as in conception, is this brilliant image of warlike glory! But how much more wonderful, in conception as in execution, is that representation of moral power which Shakespeare has placed beside it in the character of Banquo! Masterly as is the splendour shed round and by the prominent figure on the canvas, the solemn grace and dignity of the one standing in the shadow behind it is more remarkable still. How with almost the first words that he speaks the majesty of right asserts itself over that of might, and the serene power of a steadfast soul sheds forth a radiance which eclipses the glare of mere martial glory, as the clear moonlight spreads itself above and beyond the flaring of ten thousand torches.

When the unearthly forms and greeting of the witches have arrested the attention of the warriors, and that to the amazement excited in both of them is added, in the breast of one, the first shuddering thrill of a guilty thought which betrays itself in the start with which he receives prophecies which to the ear of Banquo seems only as "things that do sound so fair;" Macbeth has already accepted the first inspiration of guilt — the evil within his heart has quickened and stirred at the greeting of the visi-

ble agents of evil, and he is already sin-struck and terror-struck at their first utterance; but like a radiant shield, such as we read of in old magic stories, of virtue to protect its bearer from the devil's assault, the clear integrity of Banquo's soul remains unscathed by the serpent's breath, and, while accepting all the wonder of the encounter, he feels none of the dismay which shakes the spirit of Macbeth —

"Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?"

The fair sound has conveyed no foul sense to his perception, but, incited rather by the fear and bewilderment of his usually dauntless companion than by any misgiving of his own (which indeed his calm and measured adjuration shows him to be free from), he turns to these mysterious oracles, and, with that authority before which the devils of old trembled and dispossessed themselves of their prey, he questions, and they reply. Mark the power — higher than any, save that of God — from which it directly emanates, of the intrepid utterance of an upright human soul —

"In the name of *Truth*, are ye fantastical?"

At that solemn appeal, does one not see hell's agents start and cower like the foul toad touched by the celestial spear? How pales the glitter of the hero of the battlefield before the steadfast shining of this honest man, when to his sacred summons the subject ministers of hell reply true oracles, though uttered by lying lips — sincere homage, such as was rendered on the fields of Palestine by the defeated powers of darkness, to the divine virtue that overthrew them — such as for ever unwilling evil pays to the good which predominates over it, the everlasting subjection of hell to heaven.

"Hail, hail, hail! — lesser than Macbeth, but greater," &c.

And now the confused and troubled workings of Macbeth's mind pour themselves forth in rapid questions, urging one upon another the evident obstacles which crowd, faster than his eager thought can beat them aside, between him and the bait held forth to his ambitious desires; but to *his* challenge, made, not in the name or spirit of truth, but at the suggestion of the grasping devil which is fast growing into entire possession of his heart, no answer is vouchsafed; the witches vanish, leaving the words of impotent and passionate command to fall upon

the empty air. The reply to his vehement questioning has already been made; he has *seen*, at one glimpse, in the very darkest depths of his imagination, *how* the things foretold *may* be; and to that fatal answer alone is he left by the silence of those whose mission to him is thenceforth fully accomplished. Twice does he endeavour to draw from Banquo some comment other than that of mere astonishment upon the fortunes thus foretold them: —

"Your children shall be kings?
You shall be king?
And Thane of Cawdor too — went it not so?
To the self-same tune and words?"

But the careless answers of Banquo unconsciously evade the snare; and it is not until the arrival of Rosse, and his ceremonious greeting of Macbeth by his new dignity of Thane of Cawdor, that Banquo's exclamation of —

"What! can the devil speak true?"

proves at once that he had hitherto attached no importance to the prophecy of the witches, and that, now that its partial fulfilment compelled him to do so, he unhesitatingly pronounces the agency through which their foreknowledge had reached them to be evil. Most significant indeed is the direct, rapid, unhesitating intuition by which the one mind instantly repels the approach of evil, pronouncing it at once to be so, compared with the troubled, perplexed, imperfect process, half mental, half moral, by which the other labours to strangle within himself the pleadings of his better angel: —

"This supernatural soliciting cannot be ill —
Cannot be good! If ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of success
Beginning in a truth? I am Thane of
Cawdor."

The devil's own logic; the inference of right drawn from the successful issue, the seal whose stamp, whether false or genuine, still satisfies the world of the validity of every deed to which it is appended. Wiser than all the wisdom that ever was elaborated by human intellect, brighter than any light that ever yet was obtained by process of human thought, juster and more unerringly infallible than any scientific deduction ever produced by the acutest human logic, is the simple instinct of good and evil in the soul that loves the one and hates the other. Like those fine perceptions by which cer-

tain delicate and powerful organizations detect with amazing accuracy the hidden proximity of certain sympathetic or antipathetic existences, so the moral sensibility of the true soul recoils at once from the antagonistic principles which it detects with electric rapidity and certainty, leaving the intellect to toil after and discover, discriminate and describe, the cause of the unutterable instantaneous revulsion.

Having now not only determined the nature of the visitation they have received, but become observant of the absorbed and distracted demeanour and countenance of Macbeth, for which he at first accounted guilelessly according to his wont, by the mere fact of natural astonishment at the witches' prophecy and its fulfilment, together with the uneasy novelty of his lately acquired dignities —

"Look how our partner's rapt,
New honours come upon him like our new
garments," &c. —

Banquo is called upon by Macbeth directly for some expression of his own opinion of these mysterious events, and the impression they have made on his mind.

"Do you not hope your children *shall* be
kings," &c.

He answers with that solemn warning, almost approaching to a rebuke of the evil suggestion that he now for the first time perceives invading his companion's mind : —

"That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown," &c.

It is not a little remarkable that, having in the first instance expressed so strongly his surprise at finding a truth among the progeny of the father of lies, and uttered that fine instinctive exclamation, "What! can the devil speak true?" Banquo, in the final deliberate expression of his opinion to Macbeth upon the subject of the witches' prophecy, warns him against the semblance of truth, that combined with his own treacherous infirmity, is strengthening the temptation by which his whole soul is being searched : —

"But it is strange,
And oftentimes to win us to our harm
The instruments of darkness tell us truths," &c.

Although these two passages may appear at first to involve a contradiction almost, it seems to me that both the sentiments — the

brave, sudden denial of any kindred between the devil and truth, and the subsequent admission of the awful mystery by which truth sometimes is permitted to be a two-edged weapon in the armory of hell — are eminently characteristic of the same mind. Obligated to confess that the devil does speak true sometimes, Banquo, nevertheless, can only admit that he does so for an evil purpose, and this passage is one of innumerable proofs of the general coherence, in spite of apparent discrepancy, in Shakespeare's delineations of character. The same soul of the one man may, with no inconsistency but what is perfectly compatible with spiritual harmony, utter both the sentiments : the one on impulse, the other on reflection.

Here, for the first time, Macbeth encounters the barrier of that uncompromising spirit, that sovereignty of nature, which as he afterwards himself acknowledges "would be feared," and which he does fear and hate accordingly, more and more savagely and bitterly, till detestation of him as his natural superior, terror of him as the possible avenger of blood, and envy of him as the future father of a line of kings, fill up the measure of his murderous ill-will, and thrust him upon the determination of Banquo's assassination ; and, when in the midst of his royal banquet-hall, filled with hollow-hearted feasting and ominous revelry and splendour, his conscience conjures up the hideous image of the missing guest, whose health he invokes with lips white with terror, while he knows that his gashed and mangled corpse is lying stark under the midnight rain ; surely it is again with this solemn warning, uttered in vain to stay his soul from the perdition yawning for it in the first hour of their joint temptation, —

"That, trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the crown," &c.

that the dead lips appear to move, and the dead eyes are sadly fixed on him, and the heavy locks, dripping with gore, are shaken in silent intolerable rebuke. In the meeting with the kind-hearted old king, which immediately follows, the loyal professions of the two generals are, as might have been expected, precisely in inverse ratio to their sincere devotion to Duncan. Banquo answers in a few simple words the affectionate demonstration of his sovereign, while Macbeth, with his whole mind churning round and round like some black whirlpool the murderous but yet unformed designs which have taken possession of it, utters his hollow professions of attachment in terms of infinitely greater warmth and devotion. On the

nomination of the king's eldest son to the dignity of Prince of Cumberland, the bloody task which he had already proposed to himself is in an instant doubled on his hands; and instantly, without any of his late misgivings, he deals in imagination with the second human life that intercepts his direct attainment of the crown. This short soliloquy of his ends with some lines which are not more remarkable for the power with which they exhibit the confused and dark heavings of his stormy thoughts than for being the first of three similar adjurations, of various expression, but almost equal poetic beauty:—

"Stars, hide your fires!

Let not light see my black and deep desires!
The eye wink at the hand, yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see!"

In the very next scene, we have the invocation to darkness with which Lady Macbeth closes her terrible dedication of herself to its ruling powers:—

"Come, thick night,
And pall thee in the dunnest smoke of hell," &c.

What can be finer than this peculiar use of the word *pall*; suggestive not only of blackness, but of that funereal blackness in which death is folded up; an image conveying at once absence of light and of life?—

"That my keen knife see not the wound it makes,
Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark,
To cry, Hold! hold!" &c.

The third of these murderous adjurations to the powers of nature for their complicity is uttered by Macbeth in the scene preceding the banquet, when, having contrived the mode of Banquo's death, he apostrophizes the approaching night thus:—

"Come, sealing night!
Scarf up the tender eye of pitiful day," &c.

(what an exquisite grace and beauty there is in this wonderful line!)

"And with thy bloody and invisible hand
Cancel, and tear to pieces, that great bond,
Which keeps me pale!"

Who but Shakespeare would thus have multiplied expressions of the very same idea with such wonderful variety of power and beauty in each of them?—images at once

so similar in their general character, and so exquisitely different in their particular form. This last quoted passage precedes lines which appear to me incomparable in harmony of sound and in the perfect beauty of their imagery: lines on which the tongue dwells, which linger on the ear with a charm enhanced by the dark horror of the speaker's purpose in uttering them, and which remind one of the fatal fascination of the Gorgon's beauty, as it lies in its frame of writhing reptiles, terrible and lovely at once to the beholder:—

"Light thickens, and the crow
Makes wing to the rooky wood."

We see the violet-coloured sky, we feel the soft intermitting wind of evening, we hear the solemn lullaby of the dark fir-forest; the homeward flight of the birds suggests the sweetest images of rest and peace; and, coupled and contrasting with the gradual falling of the dim veil of twilight over the placid face of nature, the remote horror "of the deed of fearful note" about to desecrate the solemn repose of the approaching night gives to these harmonious and lovely lines a wonderful effect of mingled beauty and terror. The combination of vowels in this line will not escape the ear of a nice observer of the melody of our language: the "rooky wood" is a specimen of a happiness of a sound not so frequent perhaps in Shakespeare as in Milton, who was a greater master of the melody of words. To return to Banquo: in the scene where he and Macbeth are received with such overflowing demonstrations of gratitude by Duncan, we have already observed he speaks but little; only once indeed, when in answer to the king's exclamation,

"Let me unfold thee, and hold thee to my heart,"

he simply replies,

"There if I grow, the harvest is your own."

But while Macbeth is rapidly revolving in his mind the new difficulties thrown in the way of his ambition, and devising new crimes to overleap lest he fall down upon them, we are left to imagine Banquo as dilating upon his achievements to the king, and finding in his praise the eloquence that had failed him in the professions of his own honest loyalty; for no sooner had Macbeth departed to announce the king's approach to his wife, than Duncan answers to

the words spoken aside to him by Banquo: —

"True, worthy Banquo, he is fall so valiant,
And in his praises I am fed."

This slight indication of the generous disposition that usually lives in holy alliance with integrity and truth is a specimen of that infinite virtue which pervades all Shakespeare's works, the effect of which is felt in the moral harmony of the whole, even by those who overlook the wonderful details by which the general result is produced. Most fitting is it, too, that Banquo should speak the delicious lines by which the pleasant seat of Macbeth's castle is brought so vividly to our senses. The man of temperate passions and calm mind is the devout observer of nature; and thus it is that, in the grave soldier's mouth the notice of the habits of the guest of summer, "the temple-haunting martlet," is an appropriate beauty of profound significance. Here again are lines whose intrinsic exquisiteness is keenly enhanced by the impending doom which hovers over the kind old king. With a heart overflowing with joy for the success of his arms, and gratitude towards his victorious generals, Duncan stands, inhaling the serene summer air, receiving none but sensations of the most pleasurable exhilarations on the threshold of his slaughter-house. The sunny breezy eminence, before the hospitable castle gate of his devoted kinsman and subject, betrays no glimpse to his delighted spirits of the glimmering midnight chamber, where, between his drunken grooms and his devil-driven assassin, with none to hear his stifled cries for help but the female fiend who listens by the darkened door, his life-blood is to ooze away before the daylight again strikes at the portal by which he now stands rejoicing in the ruddy glow of its departure. Banquo next meets us, as the dark climax is just at hand; the heavens, obedient to the invocation of guilt, have shut their eyes, unwilling to behold the perpetration of the crime about to be committed. The good old king has retired to rest in unusual satisfaction, his host and hostess have made their last lying demonstrations, and are gone to the secret councils of the chamber where they lie in wait. Banquo — unwilling to yield himself to the sleep which treacherously presents to his mind, through the disturbed agency of dreams, the temptation so sternly repelled by his waking thoughts — is about to withdraw, supposing himself the last of all who wake in the castle; for on meeting

Macbeth he expresses astonishment that he is not yet abed. How beautiful is the prayer with which he fortifies himself against the nightly visitation of his soul's enemy! —

"Merciful powers,
Restrain in me the accursed thoughts that nature
Gives way to in repose."

Further on the explanation of these lines is found in the brief conversation that follows between himself and Macbeth when he says, "I dreamed last night of the three weird sisters," and it is against a similar visitation of the powers of darkness during his helpless hours of slumber that he prays to be defended before surrendering himself to the heavy summons that "lies like lead upon him." It is remarkable that Banquo, though his temptation assails him from without in dreams of the infernal prophetesses, prays to be delivered not from them, but from the "accursed thoughts that nature gives way to in repose;" referring, and justly, his danger to the complicity with evil in his own nature — that noble nature of which Macbeth speaks as sovereignly virtuous, but of which the moral infirmity is thus confessed by him who best knows its treacherous weakness.

Banquo next appears in the midst of the hideous uproar consequent upon Duncan's murder, when the vaulted chambers of the castle ring with Macduff's cries to the dead man's sleeping sons — when every door bursts open as with the sweeping of a whirlwind, and half-naked forms, and faces white with sudden terror, lean from every gallery overlooking the great hall into which pour, like the in-rushing ridges of the tide, the scared and staring denizens of the upper chambers; while along remote corridors echoes the sound of hurrying feet, and inarticulate cries of terror are prolonged through dismal distant passages, and the flare of sudden torches flashes above and below, making the intermediate darkness blacker; and the great stone fortress seems to reel from base to settlement with the horror that has seized like a frenzy on all its inmates. From the midst of this appalling tumult rises the calm voice of the man who remembers that he "stands in the great hand of God," and thence confronts the furious elements of human passion surging and swaying before him.

Banquo stands in the hall of Macbeth's castle, in that sudden surprise of dreadful circumstances alone master of his soul, alone able to appeal to the All-seeing Judge of human events, alone able to advise the ac-

tions and guide the counsels of the passion-shaken men around him—a wonderful image of steadfastness in that tremendous chaos of universal dismay and doubt and terror.

This is the last individual and characteristic manifestation of the man. The inevitable conviction of Macbeth's crime, and equally inevitable conviction of the probable truth of the promised royalty of his own children, are the only two important utterances of his that succeed, and these are followed so immediately by his own death that the regretful condemnation of the guilty man once the object of his affectionate admiration cannot assume the bitterer character of personal detestation, or the reluctant admission of the truth of the infernal prophecy beguile him into dangerous speculations as to the manner of its fulfilment. The noble integrity of the character is unimpaired to the last.

From The Spectator, 27 April.

LORD STANLEY AND THE COMING WAR.

It would seem to be almost impossible for England to adhere to the policy of non-intervention. If ever there was a Foreign Secretary who might be trusted not to intervene unnecessarily in Continental quarrels it is Lord Stanley. If ever there was a quarrel in which intervention was inexpedient, it is the one between France and Germany about the evacuation of Luxemburg. Yet unless all Europe is deceived, Lord Stanley has not only intervened in that affair, but intervened in such a manner that it will be harder than ever to maintain peace. The situation, stripped of diplomatic reticences, is this. The Emperor of the French demands the evacuation of Luxemburg as a right—the King of Holland being sole proprietor of the State—and as a concession necessary to his honour, and threatens that if his demand is rejected he will enforce it by arms. The King of Prussia rejects the demand, first, as unfounded—he having treaty rights in the fortress;—and secondly, as one with which his honour will not permit him to comply. The issue being joined, the best hope of peace is that Napoleon, aware as he is of the magnitude of the risks involved in war, should be furnished with some honourable excuse for retreat. Thereupon, Lord Stanley, according to report, intervenes with a dispatch in which England gives her opinion that France is in the right, and follows

this up by joining Russia and Austria in an "identical note" to the same effect. Further, he is even said to have sanctioned the proposal of certain alternatives, such as the "neutralization" of Luxemburg, or its transfer to Belgium, or its exchange for a Belgian district to be given to France, all of which have been more or less summarily rejected. The honourable path of retreat is therefore cut off, and Napoleon, assured by all Europe that he is quite in the right, must either go forward, or admit publicly that he abandons a claim, adjudged by disinterested parties to be valid, out of fear. That is not the result our diplomacy was expected to achieve, and it is the worse because there was no necessity for intervening. The question at issue is not one of importance to us. If the Treaties of 1839 are in existence, as Prussia contends, her right to garrison Luxemburg is as clear as ours to garrison Malta. If they are not, as France contends and Lord Stanley appears to have argued, what, beyond acknowledging that fact, have we to do with the matter? Lord Stanley will probably plead that peace is of the highest importance to our individual interests, which is true, if by peace we mean a genuine peace, and not merely an armed truce, but how does intervention help to maintain it? It might, no doubt, if we were prepared to threaten an alliance with France unless Prussia made some concession, but we are not prepared. We are not about, and we know that we are not about, to land an army at Memel, or blockade Hamburg, or do anything whatsoever contrary to the interests of Germany. If France wins we may have to fight for Belgium to maintain our pledges, and if Germany wins we might interfere to protect Holland as a free and allied State, but until one of those two countries is threatened we most assuredly shall not fight. Count von Bismarck knows that as well as we do, and the dispatch therefore reads to him as a mere declaration that England likes peace on the Continent better than war. So does he, only he dislikes the price he would just now have to pay for it. But there are moral forces which we have to consider. The "moral force" of England was very strongly exerted on behalf both of Denmark and Poland, and saved neither of them one single exaction. The Prussian Government does not care one straw whether we think it in the right or not, and as for peace, it may reply, and doubtless will reply, that peace is very dear to it, and that Napoleon has only to recede to make peace certain, while we are directly advising him

not to recede by declaring his pretensions reasonable. Why should not our moral force, if exerted only to secure peace, be applied to the plaintiff as well as the defendant? Interference of this kind simply increases the chance of war, by irritating the stubbornness of Prussia and the sensitiveness of Napoleon to repulse. Prussia is not likely to yield the more because officious friends think she might as well yield, or France because those same friends formally declare that she has reason on her side.

The situation is as grave as it is possible for it to be before troops are actually in movement. If we may believe statements which, though not absolutely official, have all the appearance of truth, Napoleon has addressed a demand to Berlin, the Powers have endorsed that demand, and Berlin has declined civilly and quietly to accede. What remains for Napoleon except to prepare himself to support his demand by arms, or to retreat, acknowledging himself defeated? He may do the latter, of course, but if he does he will take a course at variance at once with his policy, his present position, and his recent acts. His policy is to compensate France for the strictness of his internal *regime* by extending her influence abroad, and retreating, after a formal challenge, will not extend her influence. His present position is that of a man whose reputation for political sagacity and nerve begins to wane, and would, under one more failure, disappear. Retreat would unmistakably admit one more failure. His acts are those of a man who sees that war is at hand, and silently prepares for the battle. The first reserves, 60,000 men, have been called out "for drill" for the 1st of May. All officers, non-commissioned officers, and men on furlough have been ordered to present themselves at their posts on the same date. The fleet, it is stated, has been quietly made ready for active service. Horses for the Artillery — the last thing a government buys, they are so costly, and in peace so useless — are being purchased everywhere. Orders for shoes and socks have been widely distributed, and all the soldiers in the Army directed to present themselves to the surgeons, that men unfit for campaigning may be weeded out. The semi-official papers are instructed to say that the situation grows worse, and the chief among them, the *Constitutionnel*, talks of "unjust provocation" addressed to France, and rumours as to commands in the campaign begin to circulate in the Army, rumours which point to the organization of

FOURTH SERIES. LIVING AGE. VOL. V.

the Emperor's personal staff. He is, say the gossips, to command himself, with General Montauban, ablest of the "Mamelukes," as chief of his central staff. All these things may be done, no doubt, expensive as many of them are, in order to impress the Prussian Court with the idea that the Emperor is in earnest, but then they may also be done with a view to immediate war, and the latter is the more probable explanation. The Emperor knows perfectly well that to address visible menaces to a new power is to make it almost impossible for that power to give way, and no menace could be more visible than preparations such as the Belgian, German, and even French journals report. The Emperor, we fear, is preparing for war, and if he is, he will strike soon, and strike hard, lest his adversaries, whose impatience is becoming feverish, and whose commerce is paralyzed by the suspense, should gain the advantage of time. The suggestion that he must first raise a loan is a mistake. The French Treasury can get money enough for the wants of a few days without difficulty, and to ask for a loan in advance is to invite a discussion upon the propriety of the war. The cannon once heard, the Chamber will vote anything without discussion or opposition, and with the French system of open loans the emergency will not greatly affect the price.

It is strange to observe, as the crisis draws near, or seems to draw near, how slight is the bias of English feeling to one or other side. Our interests not being directly involved, the public judgment is unclouded, and it holds itself in suspense, to be decided in the main by the course of events. Of sympathy with either side there is little or none. There is no moral question involved, and no tangible result except the loss of treasure and lives. On the moral side neither Power is much in the right or much in the wrong, neither attracts the sympathy which flows naturally to the weaker, neither offends English feeling by hectoring or apparent desire for war. On the other hand, there is no result probable, scarcely any possible, which Englishmen strongly desire, as they desired, for example, the liberation of Italy. If France wins completely, she will have the Rhine, and Germany will be broken up, and neither of those results will be acceptable to this country. If Germany wins completely she will overthrow the Bonaparte throne, and may compel Holland to enter the Confederation, — consequences which most Englishmen regard as decided

ly undesirable. If France wins a little, she will gain Luxemburg, or the like, at a heavy price, a result of no imaginative grandeur; and if Germany wins a little, she will have a trifling increase in importance, a consequence not worth the cost. Finally, a drawn game, leaving each power pretty much as it is, could excite no feeling except a gentle contempt for the madness of nations which cannot exist without trying each other's strength in such fearful fashion. There is nothing as yet apparent in the struggle to which the British mind can fasten itself with a sense either of liking or antipathy, and public opinion, though fretted as usual by the annoyance consequent on war, awaits events in a spirit of the coolest criticism. If there is a bias at all, it is towards the Prussian side, partly from a latent fear for Belgium, partly from a liking for any power which seems at once strong and unaggressive, but chiefly from cordial appreciation for Count von Bismarck's bull-dog courage. To take a menace from France unmoved, seems to the average Englishman the perfection of political nerve.

From The Economist, 27th April.

THE PECULIAR DANGER OF THE THREATENED WAR.

THERE has been in all our recent wars a certain remarkable economy of the terrible weapon used, which has in a great measure limited their mischief, and utilized at the least possible sacrifice their beneficial results. Even the Crimean war, vast as was the expenditure involved, was, probably, one of the most efficient and economical of all wars, in proportion, that is, to the immense scale of the object attempted — a serious check to Russia, and a deliberate exhaustion of her offensive resources. The devastation it caused was limited locally to a short campaign on the Danube, and an unimportant corner of the Russian empire, and though vast regions were drained of men and supplies to sustain the contest in that corner, a vast sacrifice of life and wealth was inseparable from the object in view — we do not say how far it was a wise object — of striking physically a disabling blow at the ambition of Russia. The war ceased the moment Russia found that that object had been attained by making certain moderate, and, as was thought at the time in England, quite too small concessions; nor did it bring the wide-spread misery which

an invading army cannot but carry with it to any considerable portion of Russian soil. The object was specific — to destroy, or closely limit, the Russian power in the Black Sea, so as to prevent all danger of a descent on Constantinople, and nobody was willing to go beyond the limits of that specific purpose. Still more economical have been the three wars which succeeded, — the six weeks' war in Italy in 1859, which ended in the cession of Lombardy, the wresting of Schleswig-Holstein from Denmark by the overwhelming power of Austria and Prussia, and the so-called nine days' war of last year, in which Austria's military power collapsed, and Prussia gained the ascendancy in Germany. But the remarkable characteristic of all of these wars was, that each and all had a very specific purpose, which, once attained, removed all excuse for further fighting, and that in each of these cases alike, the two combatants were, as it turned out at least, very unequally matched. This is in itself an element in the economy of war. A Power, obviously and tremendously inferior either in natural resources, or, like Austria, in organization, cannot choose but confess the inferiority, and give up at once the matter in dispute. But Powers which are so far equal that either may claim the superiority, cannot thus give up the contest without ignominy; so that, if France and Germany really go to war for the supremacy, we do not see how such a war can terminate without the complete collapse of one or other of these great States, — a collapse which can scarcely be expected by any one in any short time, and which, when it comes, would, probably, issue in a whole train of fresh calamities distinct from those of the war itself.

And, if France and Germany really go to war for Luxemburg, they go to war, not for anything substantial, anything by the gain or loss of which the object of the war would be gained, but, in fact, for the supremacy in Europe. And the supremacy in Europe is just the vague sort of prize which neither can ever suppose itself to have gained too close without crushing the other. A slight success, nay, even one or two great successes on either side, would not be enough, so long as the defeated Power felt the elastic force of a great people still behind it, and the people shared, — as the people on both sides unquestionably would share, — the ambition of its leaders. It is scarcely conceivable that a less severe trial of strength between France and Germany would suffice to test their relative power than that by which France and England together tested the strength of Russia in 1854 and 1855. Every success

would stimulate the victor into the hope of final victory. Every defeat would sting the vanquished into new and more brilliant efforts. Nor is it conceivable that between two conterminous countries with so long a boundary line, and a boundary line almost every section of which has changed masters in former wars, the war could be isolated, as it was in the case of Russia, to any one unhappy spot in which it could be fought out like a desperate duel to its conclusion. Such an isolation is not geographically possible in the case of a war between France and Germany. It would involve a sacrifice of half the best chances of war to attempt it on either side, and if either side were willing so to concentrate the horrors of the fight, it would be impossible to secure the assent of the other to so artificial an arrangement. A war between France and Germany, nominally for Luxembourg, means, then, something quite different from anything we have known of late years, — a war between great military Powers, of, probably, nearly equal resources, — a war for a symbol of supremacy, not for any substantial end which even the defeated Power could afford to admit as a concession fair to make, — a war of jealousy, not a war of patriotism, — a war to *measure* power between great nations, neither of whose real power can be gauged in a month, or even in a year.

We fear, therefore, that if this war should break out, the very trivial ground of quarrel may prove a reason, not for its speedy settlement, but for its long and exhausting character. Economy means the skilful adapting of a means to an end, so that your expenditure of means shall not be lavish in relation to the specific end you have in view. But the less specific is the end you have in view, the less is anything like economy practicable. You cannot economize war, or any other agency that is undertaken not for a specific end, but for a vague general end, like establishing the supremacy of one nation over another as a European Power. That is intrinsically an object which can only be gained by absolutely exhausting the spirit or the resources of one or other of the combatants. But neither Germany nor France is likely to give in for want of spirit till she gives in for want of strength. And no short war can well drain the strength of either of these great peoples. The more blood has been shed, the more lives have been sacrificed, the less willing will either nation be to make peace without achieving the end for which they fought, — Germany, to show that she will not give up an inch of German ground to please France, — France, to ex-

tort a concession of some sort from Germany which shall, at least, prove to the French that the *prestige* of France has not yet been eclipsed by the growing *prestige* of Germany.

With these views of the character of the war which now threatens Europe, we confess we feel great uneasiness at the rumor of those "identical notes" in which it is said that England has taken part, and the tenor of which is supposed to be persuasions addressed to Prussia to agree to the neutralisation of Luxembourg. We do not attach any very great value to these rumours. At such a time, such rumours are sure to prevail. We have every reason as yet to put confidence in Lord Stanley's prudence. But the rumours to which we refer at least justify us in expressing a very strong opinion that it would be very unwise in England to take either part, even so far as to give advice. As her opinion was asked about the obligations incurred under the treaty of 1839, she could not, of course, refuse to express her opinion as to the nature of those obligations. But anything like pressure addressed to either party — and we should say especially to Germany, who is in possession of the fortress of Luxembourg, and with whom the people of Luxembourg undoubtedly have more close ties of country than with France, — to induce her to give way, would appear to us a very false step, of which we cannot easily suppose Lord Stanley to be guilty. If the newspaper rumours, to which, as we said before, we attach exceedingly little importance, be true, England's influence has been used, with that of other powers, to persuade concession on the part of Germany, and to justify to some slight extent the policy of France. Now, the initiative in this case undoubtedly belonged to France. Germany only aspired to maintain the *status quo*. If we have given a shadow of support to the French representations, we have, in reality, rendered it much more difficult for the Emperor of the French to recede. If he is so far in the right that the other powers appeal to Germany to make a concession, there would seem to be something like *fear* in drawing back, and France cannot show fear. The effect, therefore, as it seems to us, of any throwing of our influence on the French side, must be to render France less likely to give way. And as Germany is, and has long been, in possession of the disputed territorial point, and as it is necessarily much more difficult for national pride to give way so far as to evacuate a fortress at the command of another, than even to resign new pretensions to a fortress which you have

never possessed, the fact of lending our moral aid to France must be, we think, to diminish the *most* considerable (even if inconsiderable) ground of hope for peace which existed at all. And, of course, the fact of our intervention, if we have in any sense intervened, to persuade Prussia to submit, cannot have been pleasing to Prussia. This we ought not to consider, if there were any good end either in the way of peace or justice to be gained by our interposition. But this, we think, we have shown to be very unlikely; and, on the other hand, we do know that if ever we have to redeem our pledges to defend Belgium, it will not be against Prussia but against France, while Germany would be our best ally in such a struggle. Could it be wise, then, to deepen the unfriendly feeling already too strong between England and Germany, by a policy which is not conceived either in the interests of peace or of justice?—for, as regards justice, while it is difficult to maintain that there is any important concession to justice involved in continuing to subject Luxembourg to the military power of Prussia, it is impossible to maintain that any such concession is involved in handing over Luxembourg to France. There never seems to us to have been a foreign complication in which it was so clearly our duty to keep neutral, even to the point of withholding moral support from both parties alike. The struggle is really one for European supremacy, and on the question of the European supremacy of France or Prussia, England has certainly no conviction, and, probably, no strong wish.

From the Saturday Review, 27th April.

WILL THERE BE WAR?

THE best mode of approaching all questions affecting foreign nations is to study the claims, the views, and the feelings of that party to a quarrel which is least in favour with Englishmen. At present, Prussia is not so much in favour with Englishmen as France is. The Prussians have been very successful lately, and bystanders have an uncomfortable feeling at the spectacle of too much good fortune. The Prussians personally are an insolent, overbearing race; they make themselves far more disagreeable than the French do; and there is still lingering in some quarters the foolish feeling provoked by the Danish war, that although we could not conveniently fight Prussia ourselves, yet we had

a big friend whom some day we would set on Prussia to avenge us and Denmark. The German side of the quarrel is accordingly thrown into the background, and if we hear from German authorities that Prussia is determined not to give way, this resolution is treated as a piece of mad insolence or of blind and besotted obstinacy. Calling them names, however, will not make the Germans less determined; and if we wish to guess on fair grounds whether there will be war, we must begin by inquiring how it is that the Germans are so determined. If we do this, we shall soon find that with the Germans the present question is not a question of nationality. They do not claim Luxembourg as German. Count BISMARCK has expressly renounced this view. Germany, as he declares, does not want Luxembourg, and Luxembourg does not want Germany. But Prussia is in possession, not of the territory of Luxembourg, but of the fortress, and why should Prussia be turned out? Prussia was placed there by Europe to watch against the ambition of France, and especially to protect Germany against France; and yet the King of HOLLAND thinks that he is to be allowed to sell this very fortress to France, and then the French are to tell the Prussians that they are on French soil, and must walk out. But the Prussians are told that they need not mind this, because things are changed, and they are so much relatively stronger than they were that they need not object to France being strengthened. That is, they are asked to give up a strong position to France because they are better able to fight her. In other words, Germany has to indemnify France for the injury France has sustained by a strong confederation being substituted in Germany for a weak one. Why should this be? If Germany makes her unity still more complete and her confederation still more effectual, are the French to claim some further compensation? Are they to have a slice, bigger or smaller, of the left bank of the Rhine, to make up for Bavaria and Wurtemberg associating their fortunes altogether with those of the Northern States? This the Germans will never consent to. They may fight and be beaten, and may have to give up Luxembourg and a great many other places of more importance; but at any rate they will do their best to keep what they have got. To German eyes the case presents itself as a whole. They ask whether they are to admit the principle that, as between themselves and France, they are to be called on

to give up something to France because they improve their political condition. Is it we alone, they may ask, that have improved our political condition? Have we alone made ourselves stronger for military purposes? Certainly not. France has substituted a military despotism for a constitutional government, and one of the very strongest claims which the Second Empire has on the feelings of Frenchmen is that, even if it makes them less free at home it makes them more powerful abroad. It enables them to carry on war more swiftly, effectually, and successfully. The Germans, in their turn, have adopted a new organization, which enables them to bring into the field more troops and better troops under a better system; and then, because they have done this, and have so far followed the example of France, they are told that they must give France a fortress to make things square. Their only reply, the only reply possible for them to such a demand, is that, if the French want the fortress of Luxemburg, they must come and take it.

The Germans have also a feeling that they are being most unfairly sacrificed to the necessities of the French Empire. They think that the EMPEROR feels his throne to be in danger, and wants a war to make himself safe. He has lost prestige in Mexico; he passed last year in a state of discreditable vacillation. Now he feels that war must come, or he will be lost; and the Germans strongly object to being made war upon in order that the French may be tempted to forget that they were ordered out of Mexico by the United States, and that the EMPEROR has no longer a very brilliant position in Europe. Nothing can be more aggravating to a nation than the thought that it is to have its commerce cut up, and its taxes doubled, and its families desolated, and its soldiers killed, because a foreign Sovereign calculates that it would suit him better to have a war than a revolution. People who feared that such an injustice was going to be done them might very well argue that the least concession would be ruin, and that nothing could possibly save them except a boldness which would show that to fight them would be a most dangerous risk, and that their enemy, if he wants war as a protection against revolution, would do well to make a war that promises to pay better. The Germans reflect that the causes which, as they conceive, are nearly producing war now, may produce it very easily hereafter. No one knows what will happen in France

when the reign of the present EMPEROR terminates. The military despotism may continue, and the next EMPEROR may feel that, with a weaker title, and a more precarious hold on power, war is the first condition of his existence. The only way for Germany to avoid being victimised is to show herself perfectly prepared for war, and perfectly ready to fight. A long and undecisive war is as unfavourable to a military despot as no war at all. The Germans may reasonably hope that, if they either fight well now, or succeed in averting war by proclaiming themselves quite ready for war, they may henceforth ward off a serious, pressing, and permanent danger. These, right or wrong, are the feelings and calculations of the Germans. They decline to admit the principle that, because they increase their political and military strength, France is entitled to ask for compensation. They wish to convince the military despots of France that they are not to try to recover prestige at the expense of Germany. So far, therefore, as the preservation of peace may be supposed to depend on the Germans giving way, it may be confidently said that there is no hope of peace. They most certainly will not give way.

But will France give way? No one can answer this. If the French nation thinks its honour involved in turning the Prussian garrison out of Luxemburg, there must be war. A few weeks ago it was perfectly indifferent to Luxemburg and its garrison. Nor does it much care about either now. But a great many Frenchmen feel sore about Prussia. They think they have cut a very poor figure last year; and somehow, although they do not clearly know how, they now find themselves in such a position that, if they let this Luxemburg question drop quietly, they think their conduct will be ascribed to fear. Just as, to all appearance, the Germans are not actuated by an absurd desire to claim Luxemburg on the ground of nationality, so it must be confessed that the French do not appear to be actuated by a desire for territorial aggrandizement. The Germans are, in a general way, fond of making out that half-German races are wholly German; and the French are, in a general way, fond of acquiring territory, and their general habits of thought are not discarded entirely on this occasion. But the main motive, the leading thought, is not German nationality or French aggrandizement. And it must also be said that even if the general theory entertained by the Germans about the character of the French Empire is correct, and although no one can

doubt that the present EMPEROR would prefer a war to a revolution, yet there are no signs that the war, if it comes, will be his doing. He is not pushing on France to war; it is France that is pushing on him. The semi-official article just published in the *Constitutionnel* states probably what is the simple truth, that the French Government did not think Prussia would object to the cession of Luxemburg or the evacuation of the fortress. It seemed as if Prussia had nothing to lose by this, and might be expected to be glad of showing in a graceful way that she was pleased that the wishes of France should be gratified. The EMPEROR may not unnaturally think that he has given no ground for suspecting that he wants to take the left bank of the Rhine, or that he considers a new war necessary for the maintenance of his power. He showed himself last year much more moderate than his subjects; and when war was in some measure pressed on him, he seemed to appeal to the good sense of the country, and to lean for support on the growing dislike with which war is regarded in France by those who most suffer from taxes and have to shed their blood most freely in battle. Even at this eleventh hour the language of the French Government is studiously courteous and conciliatory. Since Prussia unfortunately is not so accommodating as was expected, and asserts that she holds Luxemburg under a general European arrangement which is not to be disturbed by bargains between France and Holland, France is ready to accept this view, and to invite the other great Powers to consider what should be the destiny of the fortress of Luxemburg now that the territory of Luxemburg is no longer a part of the German Confederation.

It is undoubtedly open to Prussia to reply that the other Powers have nothing to do with the matter, and that Germany, having had this fortress entrusted to her for the protection, not only of Europe, but of Germany, cannot be dispossessed at the pleasure of other Powers. But it is obvious that, so far as Europe was concerned, it was because the province of Luxemburg was made a part of the German Confederation that the fortress was handed over to the safe-keeping of German troops. The two things went together. In 1839 the Great Powers forced Belgium to give up Luxemburg to Holland on the express ground that, as it was a part of Germany, the Belgians could not be allowed to retain it as a portion of the territory which they had succeeded in wresting from Holland.

But now Luxemburg is no longer a part of Germany. The Germans do not wish that it should be so. It is a possession of the King of HOLLAND, who wants to be rid of it, and it is a most glaring anomaly that Prussia should retain the right of garrisoning a fortress in the midst of a territory that is entirely alien to her. If she chooses to say that, having got the fortress, she will keep it whether she is right or not, and whether her position is anomalous or not, she can do so, and it is possible she may do so successfully. But she certainly, in doing this, abdicates her claim to hold Luxemburg by a European title. If she says that she must hold it for the protection of Germany, this does not really alter her position, for she still occupies new ground. She is assuming more than the European settlement gave her. She is, in fact, holding a non-German town for the protection of Germany, and the Powers that placed her there never meant that this should be so. If the cession of Luxemburg is looked upon as a compensation to France, or as a sign that Germany will yield to claims made for the purposes of French politics, it is impossible to conceive that the Prussian garrison will be withdrawn. But if it is looked at with reference to the general politics of Europe, the case is very different. For, as between Europe and Prussia, the continuance of a Prussian garrison in non-German territory is a sort of usurpation. But Prussia cannot be expected to admit that the fortress which she is asked to give up shall be given to France. If it is contrary to the spirit of the European settlement that she should hold Luxemburg now that Luxemburg is no longer German, it is still more contrary to the spirit of that settlement that the fortress she holds as against France should be given to France. But then it is urged that, if she withdraws, France, on the first opportunity, will be sure to seize it, and that to withdraw is virtually to give it to France. To this there is only one answer. If Luxemburg is placed under the same guarantee as Belgium, France can never seize it except by risking a war with the guarantors. Prussia may be persuaded to consider this guarantee a sufficient security; and this is, we imagine, almost the only hope of peace being preserved. It is not a solution of the difficulty at all agreeable to us, for Englishmen view with the utmost dislike all projects for extending our engagements to defend foreign soil. But, as we have guaranteed Belgium, we should not be running a new risk. Or if, in a remote way, our risk is increased, this perhaps is not too great a sacrifice to make in order to preserve peace.

From the Saturday Review.

THE PRIVACY OF THE DEAD.

MOST persons who have read the autobiography of Goethe will remember the passage in which he describes the anxiety of his acquaintances, after the publication of *Werther*, to discover the lady from whom he borrowed the character of Charlotte. Tormenting inquiries upon the subject pursued him all through his life. And, looking back on them, the author of *Werther* wanders into a slight digression about the way in which the public treats those whose mission it is to write for public instruction and amusement. Perhaps a man who publishes his own autobiography is not the person to complain of intrusions on his privacy. Those who, like Goethe or Rousseau, deliberately choose to "pose" in public, and to invite the microscopic attention of the curious, ought not to object to being stared at or even jostled by a crowd. In general, famous people are supposed at any rate to have a right to shut out the world from their drawing-rooms and their dinner-tables. Princes and princesses are believed to be an exception. Like the lions in the Zoological Gardens, they are national characters; and the public, which pays for them, wishes as far as possible to watch them even at their meals. Whether one Royal personage is on the best of terms with another, what is the exact level of matrimonial felicity among the princes and princesses who are grown up, and what the little princes and princesses who are not grown up say to the doctor who attends them for the measles, are topics of conversation at every village tea-table in the country. But, apart from such exceptional cases, a modified sort of privacy is permitted to great men during their lifetime. Occasionally the "Flâneur" of a daily paper hunts them down at a club or an evening party, and regales his readers on the length of one hero's hair and the whiteness of another hero's teeth; but such imperinences are blamed and discountenanced by educated men and women. As soon, however, as a hero dies he loses his claim to the protection of good manners. Naked the literary giant came into this world, and naked he goes out of it. He leaves behind, for the inspection of the world at large, his character and his clothes, his manners and conversation, the cut of his coat and the colour of his hair, his acquaintances, his amours, and the exact shade of his theological opinions. All that he has had or enjoyed in life becomes the property

of the literary harpies of the next age. Nobody thinks it wrong or indecorous to study the minutiae of his appetite, or his personal habits. The slaves of the lamp of one generation are always busy over the private affairs of their predecessors, the slaves of the lamp of the generation before. Not to know the chronological order of Lord Byron's intrigues, the secret history of Mr. Shelley's marriages, or the authentic details of Mr. Coleridge's opium-eating, is a sort of blot upon one's literary cultivation. The thoroughly educated man is as much at home at Mr. Fox's dinner-table as at his own. It is the aim and object of our early studies to teach us to be able to button-hole all the illustrious dead—to call Tommy Moore by his Christian name, and to be facetious and omniscient about Mr. Wordsworth's stout coarse shoes. For the slave of the lamp, when he is buried, there is no more privacy. The more secluded has been his life, the greater the crowd which flocks to him when he is dead, and inquisitive biographers think no more of taking up their permanent quarters among his papers than the active tourist does of picnicking at the Pyramids or on the site of Veii.

An eminent Lord Chancellor is said to have once told the late Lord Campbell that his *Lives of the Chancellors* had succeeded in adding an additional terror to death. It may perhaps reasonably be doubted whether contemporary fame is an adequate compensation for the prospect of having one's life and letters subjected to the curious scrutiny of posterity. The two greatest poets that the world has ever known are singular in being an exception to the lot of their fraternity. Nobody knows anything about Shakspeare and Homer—if there ever was a Homer—may at all events lay claim to the proud distinction of having successfully baffled the erudite efforts of biographers. But, with few exceptions, most great writers have been so dug over and explored that any privacy which they may have desired during their lives is utterly lost and sacrificed at their decease. The question is whether posthumous fame is worth this. One can well conceive of a great genius who calmly considered the matter in all its bearings, and who fully understood the eternal fuss that would be made by future ages about his neckhandkerchiefs, and his juvenile indiscretions, coming deliberately to the conclusion that he preferred dying in obscurity. To be called Tommy to all time, and to have one's conjugal affection, and one's capacity for toadyism canvassed by coming ages, is a prospect which would have made Mr. Moore

think twice about writing *Lalla Rookh*. Even Dr. Johnson might have hesitated about the wisdom of compassing *Rasselas* and of conversing familiarly with Boswell, if he had been forewarned that his voracious way of eating, his difficulty about early rising, and his admiration of Mrs. Thrale would have been as immortal as *Rasselas* itself. The truth is that glory and immortality are by no means unmixed blessings. They entail upon defunct heroes a long course of literary persecution. The Stellas and Vanessas of a great author haunt him long after they and he are gone. There is no corner appropriated to the dead in which they can hide their precious secrets, and every lock of hair that the poet or the satirist conceals among his most cherished treasures before many years are past, will inevitably be exposed upon the housetop.

It is a consolation to be able to believe that the dead whose privacy we overhaul so unceremoniously have usually died in profound ignorance of all the honourable publicity that was to be conferred on them. The most sanguine of them anticipated perhaps that their compositions or their achievements would endure, but they never dreamed of the zealous curiosity with which people would inquire into all their domestic affairs. Lord Nelson possibly expected that his fame would survive together with the history of the battle of the Nile or Trafalgar. He hoped for Westminster Abbey, but he did not know that Lady Hamilton's name would cling to him as closely as if it were his own epitaph. It is, however, one of the undoubted misfortunes of celebrity that it sheds a brilliant light, not merely on the hero, but on the hero's foibles, on the follies he has committed, and the false idols he has worshipped. Briseis lives as long as Achilles, and Frederika as long as Goethe. When we are all dead and buried, future antiquarians will rumage the historian's house at Chelsea, and the Poet Laureate's garden in the Isle of Wight. The question, therefore, cannot but suggest itself occasionally, whether it is desirable that the dead should never be protected. Nobody of course can claim any rights except as far as they are consistent with the interests of society. As the rights of property are subordinate to the welfare of the community at large, the rights of individual privacy depend upon the ultimate advantage of the world, and it may be that the interests of mankind and of literature demand that all the secret history of famous people should ultimately be laid bare to the noonday. The question, however, is one well worth settling. As it is,

most people investigate all the mysteries of the past without the faintest scruple, but also without having definitely asked themselves whether in so doing they are acting on a justifiable principle. There must be some rational and sound argument one way or other upon the subject, and it is as well to consider what it is.

Reserved and sensitive writers who object to this system of posthumous exploration must recollect, in the first place, that the system is one introduced by literary genius itself, not forced upon genius by a prying and inquisitive world. The fault rests with literature rather than with society. The bones of authors might sleep in peace but for the activity of other authors who come after them. But the past, as far as literature is concerned, seems so deeply interesting to the present, that writers are never satisfied with letting it alone, and a large percentage of the volumes published in one age are devoted to exhuming the memory of writers who have published volumes in the age before. The smallest anecdotes about one literary man supply materials for the pen of another, and thus literature is protected against running dry at the expense of the privacy of the dead. At the first blush of the matter, of course it seems hard that, because a man has composed a great poem or compiled a great history, his wife, his *menage*, and even his *cuisine*, should be destined to be common possessions for all subsequent literature to deal with as it pleases. Give the world an inch and it asks an ell. Contribute to its progress a book, an invention, or a feat of arms, and it straightway drags from you, and devours with greedy curiosity, all that you did not propose to contribute to it, the story of your inner life and the secrets of your most private memoranda. So common and universal a custom cannot be without a good plea in its own defence; and the limitations imposed by common opinion upon such publicity help to throw light on the reasons why in general the privacy of the dead should be so little respected. As long as there are those living whose personal feelings are involved, the memory of the dead, by general consent, is regarded as a sacred thing. A deceased man's children are thought to have a claim to be considered, and any one who can honestly say that the violation of the privacy of the dead will wound or annoy the living invariably commands attention. Accordingly, private papers are often withheld from publication until the generation whose reputation or sensitiveness they might offend is gone, and

no biographer who was not a brute would divulge the confidential secrets of any human being who might be injured by his disclosures. This sweeping exception to the rule of publicity shows on what principle the line is drawn. The dead as such, and except so far as they share their biography with those who are not yet dead, are considered to be the property of society. They have been transferred into the domain of history, and history recognises no right paramount to its own. The axiom on which its views rest is that it is a good thing for mankind that it should find out all it can about the past, and that no one should be able to cover up under a cloak of secrecy his most hidden motives. Human prejudice may be offended by such a law, but it is not easy to point out anything in it inconsistent with the best and highest interests of humanity. The only use of which a man can be to his fellow-creatures, when once he is no more, is to furnish them with the truth about himself. If he is not able to be either an exemplar or a warning, he can be a specimen and a study — one more contribution to the natural history of poets or philosophers, or whatever else his line in life may be. When we ask ourselves what just cause or impediment there is why this should not be so, there is really nothing to urge except a sort of blind and selfish instinct within us, that tells us it would be pleasanter to have some reminiscences at any rate buried with us in the grave. Pleasanter for the individual it certainly would be, but this is no proof at all that it would be better for the race. It may perhaps be said that, by a parallel course of reasoning, one might show that it was the duty of every good citizen to bequeath his body to the dissecting-room, in order that he might be of some service to science, when he could no longer be of service to anybody besides. The analogy, however, is not complete. First of all, such a destination of the remains of the dead would often be a shock and an outrage to the feelings of the living. But secondly, apart from all questions of private sensibilities, it must be taken to be an accepted fact that civilized communities find it more to their advantage to treat the remains of the deceased with pious reverence than to deal with them for purposes of science. There are cases in which the claims of science are ordinarily admitted; but most moralists will allow that experience and argument are in favour of the custom which at present obtains. If that custom were merely founded on individual caprice or instinct, it would not be

worth much, but the instinct or caprice happens to be one which it is desirable and useful to preserve and foster. It is different with regard to the dead who by lapse of time have become disconnected with the current affairs of the living. It is not what they would have liked that is to be considered, but what upon the whole is best for all of us. And reason tells us that it is best that the dead should have no vested interest at all in what they leave behind them, whether it be their money or their name and fame. It is therefore a misnomer to talk of the privacy, of the dead. The dead have no privacy, no secrecy no reserve. They bring nothing into the world, and they must take nothing out.

On the whole, we do not doubt that this principle is a sound and moral one. Above all other considerations the welfare of society ought to predominate; but if there ever was a case in which society has the first claim, it is where her cause and that of truth are identical. It is not for the good of the world that the motives and inner characters of famous men should perish with them. Every effort made by them to obtain some protection against the curiosity of the future is either a proof of weakness or morbidity, or worse. Human instinct is on their side, but human reason is not. It is by having their inmost confidences laid bare to future ages that great men, despite of themselves, are compelled to destroy the illusions they have fomented about themselves, to give up the deceptions behind which they have taken refuge, and to repair something of the harm they have done. As far as the living are concerned, hypocrisy has been said to be the tribute vice pays to virtue. When we come to deal with the dead, be they good or be they bad, the best tribute they can pay to virtue is, not hypocrisy, but truth.

From The Saturday Review.

DEMOCRACY AND COURT-DRESS.

AN extremely curious debate is reported to have recently taken place in the House of Representatives at Washington, on the subject of clothes. A distinguished writer in our own country has taught us the emblematic significance of clothes, and has in a manner based an entire philosophy of life and human nature upon them. Nobody who has studied the close connexion which exists between each element of conduct and

feeling and every other element, can be in the least surprised to find that a democratic polity seems to lead to democratic manners and costume. All one's ideas move together, with varying degrees of intensity, but at the bidding of a common impulse. Emancipation from imaginary slavery to one of those typical tyrants whom excited poets accuse of devouring the earth leads to a vast number of results which have no immediately political connexion. In a State founded on the conception that all men are equal, all sorts of social consequences flow from what at first seems an exclusively political idea. You must not have different classes of railway carriages for different orders in a country where, theoretically at least, there are no orders. You may expectorate at your own sweet will in a free country. You may go to dinners and to balls in a frock-coat, or a shooting-jacket, or anything else you like, among a people where one man's idea of what is becoming is quite as respectable and authoritative as another's. The debate, however, to which we have referred, and the resolution which was carried in consequence, implies an extension of these free social principles for which one was hardly prepared. For the future no representative of the great Republic at a foreign Court is to wear the Court-dress of the country to which he is accredited. This curious piece of legislation is due to Mr. Sumner, who introduced the resolution into the Senate. In the Lower Chamber it gave rise to unbounded jocosity. One honourable member, it appears, moved an amendment, not only forbidding a diplomat to wear Court-dress, but also prescribing the kind of dress which he shall wear on great occasions. Among other items in this proposed costume, there was to be "a cocked-hat looped up with an American eagle," and "a swallow-tailed coat with stars and stripes on the tails, butternut pantaloons, close-fitting yellow stockings with gaiters, and a buckskin vest with one side black and the other side white." But this elegant humour was far exceeded by another gentleman, who moved "that diplomatic agents shall not be permitted to wear any Court-dress except such as shall be prescribed, and the patterns drawn, by the *chief tailor of the nation, who is now presiding over its destinies.*" This graceful reference to the fact that Mr. Johnson had once been a tailor was at once seen to be so steeped in wit and fancy that the House was convulsed with laughter. Some English people are very angry at this, and insist that it is only

in a democratic country that a man could be taunted with the lowness of his origin. This, however, is a mistaken view of the matter. The speaker, himself a man of low origin, did not mean what he said as a taunt, but as a joke and bit of humour. Even from this point of view it is bad and rude enough. The joke is a specimen of that sort of fun which consists in throwing yourself ironically and for the moment among a set of ideas which are not your own, and measuring an object by an alien standard. Mr. Covode may have tried to realize the feelings of the aristocratic Courts, and may for the time have identified himself, in a moment of grim jocosity, with their way of looking at a Chief Magistrate who had once been a tailor. To our notions, of course, the humour is a shade too grim to be decent. But American irony sticks at nothing. Some of the most characteristic of American jests, though they do not often get into print, turn upon a peculiarly daring treatment of things of which sober persons usually speak with bated breath. Such a gibe as this against the chief tailor presiding over the national destinies is not the product of the political ideas of the United States, but a mark of the stage of manners at which they have arrived. It would be impossible in our House of Commons; not because the House represents oligarchic ideas in politics, but because we have a very long civilization at the back of us, while the Americans have only a very short civilization. One wishes very much that the Americans would advance rather more rapidly in the pursuit of the amenities; only let us not father on democracy the offences against good taste and fastidiousness which are really due to the social state, and which after all are not a bit more repugnant to modern politeness than the manners of our own senators a generation or two back — and they were aristocratic enough in all conscience.

Mr. Covode's humour, however, and that of the gentleman who proposed a swallow-tailed coat with stars and stripes on the tails, were both quenched by Mr. Banks, who took up seriously what these two wits had taken up jocosely. The question whether the American Ambassadors should wear spotted waistcoats, shoe-buckles, swords, and so forth, was no joke to him. Somehow or other, in his eyes, it involves the supremacy of the United States. By an inscrutable mental process, the shoe-buckles and swallow-tails recalled to the mind of Mr. Banks the alleged prophecy of Turgot, that the United States would prove

to be the Carthage of the modern world. Mr. Banks put a truly remarkable and original interpretation upon this. For it is usually supposed that in the ancient world Carthage was, on the whole, something like a failure. At all events, nobody thinks that the Carthaginians impressed their ideas very deeply or permanently on the surrounding world. But people like Mr. Banks choose to have new theories of history, just as they choose to have every thing else new. So he supposes that the Carthaginian function which the United States are destined to fulfil in the great State-system of the modern world is to impress new notions upon the mind of Europe. For the future, the grand storehouse of fertilizing ideas for Europe will no longer be the mystical East, but the more fresh and glorious West. We are to begin simply, and to advance gradually from things small to the very greatest. Breeches will be the form in which American missionary effort will first touch the heart and understanding of Europe. Her initial function is to teach Europe how to dress. If an Englishman goes to the Court of Dahomey, Mr. Banks might ask, does he doff his own habitual raiment and don a fig leaf, a string of beads, and a hat? Why then should an American citizen at St. James's or the Tuileries array himself in a flowered satin waistcoat, a snuff-coloured coat, and a sword, simply because the barbarous etiquette of those Courts prescribes such absurd and incongruous apparel? Europeans ought to be taught better, and the only way to instruct them is to refuse compliance with a preposterous usage. *Longum est iter per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla.* Mr. Banks apparently believes in an original and peculiar modification of the famous saying of Fletcher of Saltoun. Let who will make laws for Europe, provided America may furnish the pattern for its coat and breeches. Mr. Sumner is much too sensible a man to sympathize with this extraordinary and most exalted notion of the business of American representatives in Europe. It is said, indeed, that he brought the motion forward, not in order to favour Europe with choice specimens of American or Carthaginian tailoring, but simply because that powerful originality on which his nation so justly prides itself had impelled some of the Ambassadors to devise Court-dresses for themselves, so fearfully and wonderfully made as to fill every decent American who saw them with an unpleasant awe or equally unpleasant shame. From this point of view, the resolution forbidding the Ambassadors to appear in any dress but

that of an ordinary American citizen assumes the air of a distinct mark of respect to our feelings. What is intended is not that Europe shall be proselytized, but that it shall cease to laugh at the costumes of too original and inventive Americans. That constructive genius which is so strikingly exhibited in everything practical, from iron-clad ships down to apple-parers, for some reason or other breaks down when it comes to trousers and coats. The truth is that an æsthetic element enters into breeches. And the Americans have been too busy with more urgent and practical affairs to attend much to this department. They are weak in æsthetics, and they are therefore weak in tailoring. Yet we are not sure that, even from the æsthetic side, they are not right in their new resolution. Take the Court-dress of St. James's, for example. What can be more ugly, unreasonable, and inconvenient than the costume in which, on great occasions, respectable gentlemen are made to figure? "They will be mistaken for butlers and men-servants," one gentleman said, in deprecation of Mr. Sumner's motion, "if they only dress like an ordinary American citizen." Most men, however, who have arrived at a decorous middle age would, we should think, much rather run the risk of being mistaken for butlers than expose their wretched shanks to the cold of the atmosphere and the suppressed ridicule of the multitude. A calfless great man — and it is surprising how often great men are calfless — will look with envy upon the American who can clothe his legs in the decorous obscurity of trousers.

It is a little difficult to keep from laughing at the idea of so much fuss being made about so unimportant a concern. Still it is worth remembering that, no further back than the commencement of the present Parliament, some commotion arose in our own House of Commons because two of its most distinguished members, Mr. Mill and Mr. Bright, objected to attend the Speaker's dinner in the prescribed costume, and therefore could not attend at all. And then there was the recent diplomatic thunder-storm aroused by the refusal of the Pope's porter to admit a vehicle drawn by a single horse, even though behind the single horse sat the representative of the potent Bismark. To all expostulation the porter only replied with his august master's usual *Non possumus*. If one thinks of etiquette run to seed in this imbecile fashion, there is something rather sensible in the American resolution to have nothing to do with a system which develops such monstrous silliness.

Imagine a big sheaf of despatches being written about the conduct of the Pope's porter in refusing to admit a one-horse brougham. This sort of snobbish spirit is common enough among *parvenus* and upstarts, but it is amazing in an old-established family like that of the Vatican. There, if anywhere, we should think they could afford to know mere one-horse people. Compared with folly like this, at any rate, the line taken by the *parvenus* of the West is worthy of all admiration. There is so little danger of our having too lax a code of etiquette in Europe, that an infusion of unceremoniousness from the West is not likely to do us any harm. It is more likely to do us good, by stimulating us to brush away a certain portion of cobwebby usage which does not make public life any more dignified, while it does make it decidedly less wholesome and free.

From the London Review.

ROCOCO MINDS.

WE have an expressive term of uncertain etymology which we apply to furniture, ornament, or even architecture, *rococo*. It sounds very Italian, but it is not so. *Roco* is hoarse, jarring and harsh, and *rococo* would be a diminutive naturally formed, yet the sigification of the word tallies not with ours. Perhaps some cicerone, as he shrugged his shoulders over a doubtful piece of art, invented the word, which has since passed into universal acceptance. "It is," says Bescherelle, "used to denote what is fantastic and *outré* in decorative art;" and, we may add, it is applied very generally to the revival mania which sprang up at the close of the last century, and continues till this time. Architecture, landscape gardening, furniture, interior and exterior decorations, wigs, shoes, stockings, clothes, nay, even paint and patchings are *rococo*. We have not with us the *Sartor Resartus*, but the *Sartor Redivivus*. He triumphs everywhere. At Longchamps and Chantilly in the coming season we are to have a complete revival of the dress à l'Empire. Our beloved Eugenie, with her would-be Austrian face, will make us half believe that Marie Antoinette is revisiting earth — under what happier stars heaven only knows — and duchesses and grand ladies will revive the faded images of the persons of that court which flitted in and out the petit Trianon and the Tuileries,

from the foully murdered Princess de Lamballe to the foully plotting, diamond-necklace stealing, Countess de la Motte. We may call the age what we like — an age of veneer, of sham, of reform, of peace, progress, or of retrogression. The truth is, it is an age of *rococo*. For Eugenie is to wear not a wholly Marie Antoinette costume, she will have a make-up, a dress à l'Empire, with hair and hat of the time of Louis Seize, and, it may be, jewellery of Roman and Etruscan fashion. Thus we grow patchy in our costumes, and almost burlesque in our habits, when following fashion in this guise.

As the body is externally furnished so is the mind internally. The sundial in dingy Pump-court, Temple, tells us, as plainly as gilt letters can speak, that "Shadows we are, and like shadows we depart;" and these shadows are coloured by existing and interposing matters; nay, they assume form and apparent substance at the bidding, as it were, of these interponents. The chief leader of the *rococo*-minded people, who has managed to colour all men of his sort, and has influenced others insensibly, was the hero of Strawberry Hill, Horace Walpole; and his spirit is plainly visible on the two leaders of the sect at present clothed in resuscitated ideas and not very admirable flesh, Mr. Beresford Hope and Archbishop Manning. But, as our dear Horace lived in the days when Voltaire was a power, and to sneer was to be clever, he did not try to turn back modern progress to ornamental Toryism like Mr. Beresford Hope, nor to revive the Hildebrandistic feelings in the Church Catholic like Dr. Manning. He was content to collect old armour, fine or foolish pictures, relics and furniture, to fill his toyshop of Strawberry Hill. He did not care exactly what article he picked up, and to get a fitting receptacle for his collection he built a sham Gothic structure, in the true *rococo* style. Here he sat and gossipped in state, only too happy if he could retail an anecdote — and this makes his book such charming reading — either profane or indecent, or if it verged on both, he was delighted. "That warming-pan," said he, pointing to a copper antiquity of great price, "puts me in mind how oddly the name of God is sometimes misapplied. It belonged to Charles II., and was used for the beds of his mistresses. It is inscribed 'Serve God and live for ever.'" One need not say now how superficial Horace Walpole was; but his learning, if superficial, was multifarious and decorated with considerable taste. To him we certainly owe

the man-millinery of the Church, the crosses, copes, lecterns, altars, and super-altars; for it was he who led us to admire the Gothic in all its variety, and from him Sir Walter Scott caught his rococoism. But Walpole went further. He doted on antiquities, and did not care what they were; he loved even mummies, and, like old Cockle-top in the farce, would have been delighted with "a hair of the dog that bit Aristides," for a false miracle was to him about as good as a real one. His noblest follower was Sir Walter Scott, who had an infusion of the true antiquary, Captain Grosse, within him, and some, too even in his misfortunes, which he bore and overcame with the most heroic spirit of that peculiar affection of Selden which Fuller so drily notices. Fuller said of Mr. Selden, who was both a rich man and a keen antiquary, that he had a large collection of the coins of the Roman Emperors, and a very much larger of *those of his present Majesty*. Sir Walter united to the love of the rococo the spirit of commercial success; he built Abbotsford, but he loved genuine antiquities. He brought back a love of Charles I., a dislike — a gentlemanly dislike, of course — to Puritans and Protestants, a belief, very different from the teachings of experience, or from that of the days of Pope and Addison, that priests were pious, learned gentlemen, and he paved the way in the general mind for the "revival" by Pusey, Manning, and Newman.

To be satisfied with simplest truths in religion, morality, or art is not the way with the rococo mind. To tell a man that it is his duty to educate his hinds, to ask Lady Clara Vere de Vere whether she has no poor about her lands, and to bid her go teach the orphan boy to read, and teach the orphan girl to sew, would, for instance, shock Mr. Beresford Hope. It would knock off some of the ornaments wherewith the rococo is loaded. He must refine, and explain, and go back to precedent, and dig up Saxon institutions to back up his arguments. He is always looking back to see how far he has been, not forward to find how far he can go. So also with his fellows, Dr. Manning and Father Newman, setting out with the pilgrim on his journey — and we are all bound the same way — to the world to come, these two gentlemen come upon a slough of despond — as who does not? — and they turn about in the middle like Mr. Pliable, and scramble backwards, to play at Hildebrand and to dream of power. Of the same nature, but subject to a less effect, are those minds which got up the

rococo man-millinery establishment at York the other day, and those gentlemen who furnish the green and gold things, the chasubles, copes, bracelets, gloves, and dresses which our priests will put on, to the disgust of the churchwardens and the terror of the old women of the Protestant party. Let us imagine, if we can, St. Paul at Athens enduring a mitre, and taking it off to be held by the proper official, and being careful in putting off his gloves before the altar to give the right to one priest and the left to the inferior parson. The seven lustrations to be performed before Vishnu are more sensible than these antics of a rococo priesthood. Let us go on by a step or so further and worship becomes a nameless terror, in which we should be suffering as did the Eastern merchant for his unknown crime when, throwing away the stone of a date, he killed one of the invisible genii. But then such worship is very pretty, very absorbing, very rococo.

It is not manly, of course; if we go to Messrs. Seddons or Jackson & Graham's we shall see the library or drawing-room chairs of to-day built of massive oak or walnut, and capable of supporting any weight and enduring any time. At the same time, we shall see the rococo Louis Quatorze or Quinze chairs and tables all ormolu and French polish, with splay feet and spindly sprawling legs, very elegant, no doubt, for drawing-rooms filled with *petit-maitres* and fribbles, belles dames and coquettes, but rickety and top-heavy, not fit to bear the manly form even of Francis Feeble-woman's tailor. If Mr. Darwin is right, and by a sort of natural selection the strong minds grow up, absorb space, and strangle and kill off the weak ones as do weeds and plants, then we can have no fear of rococo minds. They have their use. They represent a kind of conceited *dilettanti* hero worship; they do not admire the strong; they would rather pay their devotions to Gany-mede or Hylas than to Hercules; but they do some service to our taste in making us admire the pretty and the little. The Madonna and the bambino are the dwarfed ideals of rococo worship; the government of the Jesuits in Paraguay, the very crown and flower of political achievements. The truth is that pictures by Watteau with impossible shepherdesses in silk sacques, shepherds with silver crooks and blue satin inexpressibles, are very well to look at, and that Dresden-china images with rose-blush complexions and fingers more delicate than the pistils of the fuchsia, are ornamental and pretty under glass shades; but when

we come to the hard work of a very hard and exacting world, which presses harder upon us every day, and every day demands more from us, the rococo mind must be swept away with the china ornaments and the furniture-picture into the limbo of vain and useless matters which in these times, however, have impeded, worried, and often turned aside the true thinkers and workers of the world.

From the Saturday Review.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS AT BEAUFORT HOUSE.

As, by the decision of the authorities, the University athletic sports were prevented from being held this year at Cambridge, it was determined to bring them off, under the auspices of the Amateur Athletic Club, at Beaufort House. This arrangement was advantageous in so far as it permitted a large number of appreciative spectators to be present, who could not otherwise have attended; but it was disadvantageous in so far as it gave a business-like appearance to these purely honourable contests, which was not wholly desirable. Nor can it be denied that, if this meeting is held annually in London, it will become more and more every year the scene of betting operations that will be by no means agreeable to the best friends of the competitors. However, the rage for athletics is so great at the present moment, and has waxed so exceeding strong in such a short space of time, that it is but fair to presume it will cool down somewhat. A reaction will probably set in in favour of the cultivation of mind as well as of muscle.

The card on Friday was not inconveniently crowded, there being nine events which were brought off with tolerable punctuality. The arrangements of the Amateur Athletic Club to accommodate visitors were, to say the least, indifferent. The Grand Stand, a mean and insufficient structure, admirably adapted for the admission of rain from the top and cold wind from the sides, was approached by steps so precipitous that they must have been designed for the use of acrobats. No part of it was reserved exclusively for ladies, many of whom, owing to the throng of men and boys, were obliged to remain in and about the wretchedly small enclosure, with but a poor chance of obtaining after two or three hours even a rickety chair. We observed a good many gentlemen with white rosettes, who we sup-

pose were stewards, running about, as stewards always do run, from place to place, and getting very much in every one's way. We would suggest that another year one or two of these officials should graciously trouble themselves to study the comfort of those ladies who honour the sports with their presence, and should take care not to allow any to remain outside the stand as long as men are sitting within it. Further, if five shillings are exacted for admission, the payers of that sum have a right to expect a fair view of the proceedings; but on this occasion there were many people who never had a chance of seeing anything at all. The high jump was a foregone conclusion for Cambridge, each of her representatives being more than a match for those of Oxford. The latter failed to accomplish more than 5 ft. 7 in. and 5 ft. 8 in. respectively. Mr. Little cleared 5 ft. 9 in. with comparative ease, and won; Mr. Green, the other Cambridge competitor, failing to clear that height. Mr. Little takes a comparatively short run, and at a very slow pace. He appears to spring rather indolently, and to make but little effort; but his length of limb and lightness of frame enable him to accomplish this really surprising height without apparent exertion. Mr. Green is an elegant jumper, but he has a bad habit of not getting his body quite clear of the bar, which often militates against his success. There was a good deal of jostling in the One Hundred yards race, but Mr. Pitman, who got the worst start, came through his men with a very fine rush, and won by about two feet. The battle for the broad jump was left at the end to Mr. Absalom and Mr. Maitland, and at his last attempt the former cleared the fine distance of 20 ft. 2 in. Mr. Maitland could not accomplish this, and thus Cambridge won the first three contests. Mr. Jackson, who won the Hurdle race for Oxford, undoubtedly took his hurdles in better style than any of the other competitors; but even he did not approach to the form showed by Mr. Tiffany and Mr. Daniel in past years. The Mile race attracted, as usual, a great amount of interest. Mr. Little did not run as if he was altogether well, and he knocked his shoulder against a post, which did not do him any good. It was rather an easy victory for Mr. Scott, of Oxford, who ran very well, although his action is high. He is short of stature, but has an unusually long stride for his height. The pace appeared to be slow at first, but improved considerably, and the distance was completed in the very good time of 4 min. 40 sec. Putting the weight is, we believe, an excellent trial of strength

for the muscles—it is certainly a great trial of patience to the spectators. Mr. Waltham, on behalf of Cambridge, put it 34 ft. 9 in. which we are told is a very superior performance. Mr. Pelham was looked upon as the probable winner of the Quarter-mile, but on this occasion he was beaten by Mr. Pitman, who dashed away with the lead at a surprising pace, and apparently forced the running for his University companion. Though, at a short distance from the winning-post, Mr. Pelham did come to the front, it was but for a moment, for he was evidently exhausted by the severity of the pace, and the prize would have fallen to Mr. Maitland and Oxford had not Mr. Pitman come again at the finish with splendid gameness, and won by two yards. This was undoubtedly the most brilliant piece of running of the day, and the distance was done in the short time of fifty-two seconds. Throwing the hammer was another wearisome and vexatious business that went on for more than half an hour. What muscles of the human frame are strengthened or developed by this surprising exercise we are at a loss to conceive. In all athletic struggles that are beneficial we cannot fail to notice harmonious and symmetrical movement. In running, walking, jumping, or vaulting, the action and play of limb is grateful to the eye. When, instead of easy and graceful motions, we see unnatural contortions and grotesque inflections, we cannot be in any doubt as to the exercise that requires them being useless for any good purpose. Hammer-throwing is hideous to the spectator, and we are sure it is injurious to the performer. A man wields a long handle with a cannon-ball fixed on the other end; he raises it over head, and points it to heaven; he then spins round for half a minute like a dancing dervish; of a sudden the hammer escapes from his grasp and flies in one direction; the man tumbles down and sprawls over in another; the judge runs away precipitately to avoid instant death; the referee dives behind the telegraph-board. The spectators must look, for there is no knowing which way the next hammer will come. Withdraw your eye for a minute, and sixteen pounds of iron may be whirled straight at your head. In the present case we cannot pretend to say whose style of throwing was best and whose was worst; we only know that after a very weary half-hour some one made a prodigiously successful effort, and very nearly killed a steward. On inquiry we found that this was the winning throw, that Mr. Eyre of Cambridge was the hero thereof, and that the distance over which the projectile travelled was 98 ft. 10 in. The

Two-mile race was unwisely kept for the last, but it was well worth waiting to see. Last year it will be remembered that Mr. Long for Cambridge, and Mr. Laing for Oxford, ran a dead heat; this year the struggle was almost equally close, and Mr. Long again distinguished himself. He ran with great gameness, and only lost the race by a foot from Mr. Michell of Oxford. This gentleman ran throughout in very good style, and won, as we thought, with something in hand. He certainly appeared the least distressed of the six, and, though the finish was so close, we feel inclined to attribute that to an error of judgment. Had the distance been a hundred yards longer, we think that Mr. Michell would have won easily. Mr. Kennedy, of whom great things were expected, lay too far out of his ground to have any chance with the leaders, and this gentleman appears to prefer a longer course. The two miles were run in 10 minutes, which is remarkably good time. Last year Messrs. Long and Laing took 10 min. 20 sec., and in 1865 Mr. R. E. Webster took 10 min. 38 sec. to accomplish this distance.

On the following Monday the Amateur Athletic Club held their Champion Meeting, and many who had contested on Friday appeared again; in fact, nearly all the great events were won by University men. The day was miserably cold, the programme was much too long, and there was no attempt at punctuality. The most interesting contests were unadvisedly crowded together at the end of the day, and the patience of the spectators was utterly exhausted before the Half-mile, the Mile, and the Four-mile races had been run—and these were just what they had come to see. The managers of the Amateur Athletic Club have evidently a good deal to learn. London is not like a little village where the rustics have nothing to do, and think nothing of a day's sport on the green unless it begins very early in the morning and finishes very late at night. People in London have engagements and occupations, and time is so precious that they cannot conveniently sit for six hours and a half in the most miserable of stands to accommodate amateur runners and jumpers who are too indolent to be ready at the appointed time. Between two and half-past four in the afternoon all the really important events should be brought off. The idea of running the great race of the day at a quarter-past six in the wilds of Waltham, five miles from one's dinner, is quite ludicrous. The analogy of horse-racing should be followed. On great days at Epsom, Ascot, or New-

market, the best race is always fixed to take place at the best hour. The Two Thousand is not run at dusk, after eleven playing races; and the Four-mile race at Beaufort House might take precedence of such exhibitions as hammer-throwing and pole jumping. We must also observe that the colours of the competitors, as printed on the card, were carefully and persistently contradicted by the colours worn by the competitors when they appeared on the course. We shall not review the results of the day's proceedings *seriatim*, because many of our remarks on Friday's sports will apply to those of Monday. Mr Ridley of Eton, who will be an athletic treasure to whichever University may hereafter secure him, won the Hundred yards and the Quarter-mile races. He is not only possessed of great speed, but he runs with great gameness and unflinching perseverance. The Seven-mile walking race occupied 58 min. 18 sec. Mr. Chambers, who won this contest last year, did not appear in good condition, but he struggled well, and only lost by a few inches. We do not profess to be judges of what is fair walking and what is not; it seemed to us that both Mr. Chambers and the gentleman who, according to the card, was qualified for taking part in this meeting by having resided at Liverpool, are very fair runners, and singularly sound in wind and in limb. Mr. Frere had no difficulty in winning the Half-mile race for Oxford, and Mr. Long was again unfortunate enough in the One mile to be beaten just by a few inches. His steadiness and gameness in running are unquestioned; with just a little more speed at the finish he would often be, as he deserves to be, a winner. In the Four-mile race Mr. Kennedy showed his real power. No one had the least chance with him, and he was as fresh at the end as when he started. In these degenerate days, a man who can run four miles at a good pace, and finish as if he were ready to begin his task anew, is worth remembering.

We have one remark to make in conclusion. At present the success of the Amateur Athletic Club meetings depends almost entirely on University men. But in time competitors will be attracted from all parts of the country. It is to be hoped that a rigorous scrutiny will be made into the qualifications of all strangers who aspire to take part in these meetings. The mere fact of a man's belonging to an athletic club or a gymnasium in some large town is quite insufficient. The door would be opened to hundreds of persons who ought

to be excluded, and the character of these contests would be irretrievably degraded. The meetings of the Amateur Athletic Club should be open to gentlemen solely. Professionals can, of course, be excluded easily. It is not so easy to find out and reject the claims of those who are neither professionals nor gentlemen.

JAPANESE ODES TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH. By F. V. Dickins, M. B. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)—This is a curiosity of literature, and is quite as worthy of a place on a drawing-room table as a Japanese tray or work-box. All the odes are short—most of them do not exceed six lines—and many of them, though popular among the natives, are to us absolutely pointless. No doubt the Japanese would say the same of Dr. Watts or Mr. Tupper, if they were rendered into that ancient dialect from which these have been translated. In one place, too, we stumbled on a graceful turn which is beyond either of those poets:—

“And still my love for thee as yet
I have forgotten to forget.

But without Mr. Dickins's valuable notes and elucidations the collection would have been a mere toy, and a quaint toy rather than one of intrinsic beauty. — *Spectator*.

TENNYSONIA. Notes, Bibliographical and Critical, on Early Poems of Alfred and C. Tennyson. In Memoriam. Various Readings, with parallel passages in Shakespeare's Sonnets, &c. (London: Basil Montagu Pickering.)—It is a pity that the anonymous author of this little study of the various forms and changes through which the poems of Tennyson have passed did not, if he could have gained permission at least, so far enlarge his plan as to print completely the now greatly altered poems of the earliest editions and volumes side by side with the latest forms which these poems have taken, and to give us in full the younger poems which the maturer taste of the poet has now suppressed. As the book stands, the complete lists of old editions and the occasional citations of a few lines since altered in a poem here and there, will be of use chiefly to those who have all the old editions in their possession,—that is, perhaps, to two or three of Mr. Tennyson's thousands of readers. Still this little book is curious and welcome to the student of Mr. Tennyson. It has been prepared with sedulous accuracy, and all its facts, may be depended on. It contains a complete list of the portraits (photographs and engravings) of Mr. Tennyson, which will be useful to many readers. — *Spectator*.